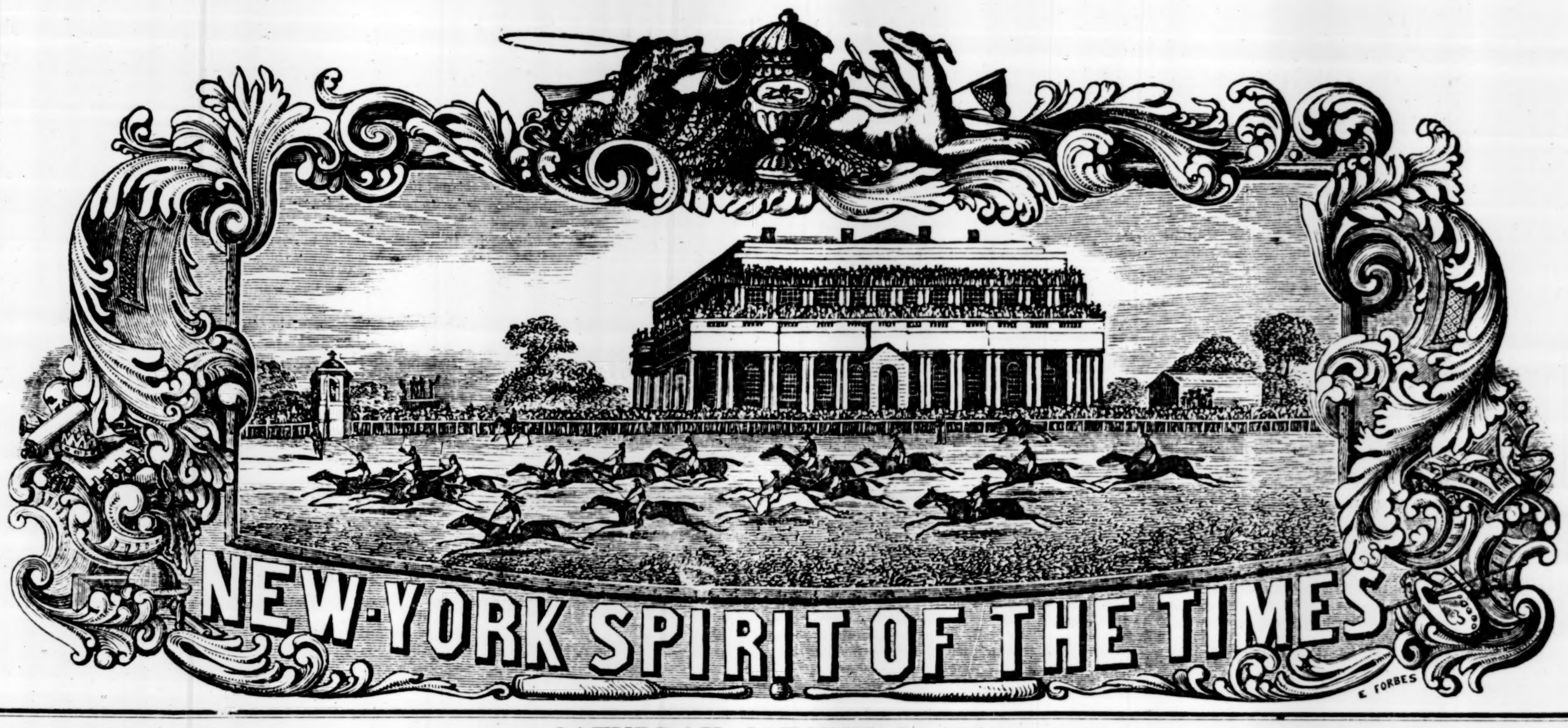

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 34.

NEW YORK SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.

A grand performance of sacred and miscellaneous music was given by this society, at the Chatham-street Chapel, on Thursday evening, consisting of three parts—the two first parts being exclusively sacred, and the third part, a secular, or miscellaneous selection of music. To this arrangement we understand some objection had been offered by a few of the members, which was over-ruled, however, by the majority. The non-contents urged that it was an innovation, alike injurious to the character and spirit of the society, &c. Be this as it may, we, who were merely auditors, thought—and so seemed to think all around us,—that the said third part was decidedly *the best.* We really cannot discover where the impropriety exists in this arrangement. In England, at the grand Oratorios given in Lent, and indeed at all performances of a similar nature, it is an invariable rule, after two heavy acts of sacred music, to wind up with a selection of the popular music of the day.

This is not only judicious, but in some measure necessary, as there are very few indeed who are so *decidedly musical*, as to be able to sit out three long acts of entirely sacred music, especially when it is not performed in any thing like a *first rate*, or even a *second rate* style. We merely give a hint, as there is assuredly material and spirit enough in this society, if properly employed, to render it one of the first institutions of the kind in this country. The undertaking is most praiseworthy and honorable in itself, and from the characteristic love of music which our citizens exhibit, it must be the society's own fault if it ever lacks patronage or support.

After the foregoing remarks, we hope to be permitted to dispense with any notice of the *two first parts* of Thursday evening's performance. They consisted chiefly of a selection from the works of Haydn and Handel, in which the only thing worth hearing was Mrs. Gibb's Solo from the "*Horse and his Rider.*" This lady, who was the celebrated Miss Graddon, in London, took part in the third act; and, apparently feeling more at ease, delighted all present by her execution of "*Bid me discourse,*" which was rapturously and deservedly encored. This part of the concert was opened by Mr. W. A. King, the celebrated *Pianist*, who performed an overture on the organ in so masterly a manner, as to convince us he has no equal, on either of those noble instruments, in this country. He was, as usual, enthusiastically applauded, both on his entree and exit. In the vocal department, however, the great feature of the evening was the first appearance of a Mr. Russell, a Baritone singer, of the first class, who made an impression on his hearers which will not soon be removed. We were surprised and delighted—surprised, because we had never before heard of him; and delighted, because it is seldom indeed we have an opportunity of listening to such singing. His reception, we think, must have satisfied him that it was duly appreciated,—the applause which followed each of his songs after *each* had been encored, was the loudest we ever heard in this room.

Mr. Norton, Mr. Muyater, and Mr. Jones, were severally recognised, as old favorites should be, and the *conclusion* of the evening's performance seemed to send all parties home delighted, mal-contents not even excepted.

We forgot to mention that the proceeds of the night's performance is to be applied towards defraying the expense of a new and powerful organ, built by Mr Henry Erben, of this city, and which on this occasion was exhibited apparently to the entire satisfaction of the subscribers.

We have tried the blue ink now so fashionable, and can endorse the annexed commendation of it, cut from, we know not what paper.

BLUE INK.

You ask me, Edward, what I think
Of this new fashionable ink?
I'll answer briefly, Ned.
Methinks it will be always blue;
At all events when used by you,
It never will be *red.*

Albany Dai. Adv.

We have suffered so much inconvenience from the use of the ordinary inks which have been furnished us by the stationers of the day, and all have taken so much pains to produce an article which would come up to our ideas of excellence, that we have long since resolved to acknowledge the inventor of a free-running, liquid ink of a good color, as a public benefactor, and worthy of being ranked among the philanthropists of the age. Thaddeus Davids, 143 Maiden lane, has sent us a sample of his "writing fluid,' which, upon examination, we believe to be the article we have so long been looking for. Its color is blue when used, but it very shortly becomes a beautiful black by the operation of the atmospheric air upon it. If this article is as good as we believe it to be, we know not how we can serve our friends better than by recommending Mr. Davids' invention to their special notice.

JOHN KAY, THE EDINBURGH CARICATURIST.

Towards the end of the last century, and the beginning of the present, there was a small print-shop to be seen in the Parliament House Square, Edinburgh, (the building of which it formed a part was destroyed by the great fire in 1824,) usually surrounded by a crowd of gaping idlers. A slender straight old man, of middle size, dressed in a garb of antique cut, of quiet, unassuming manners, presided in the interior. The attractions which drew together the loiterers on the outside were a numer of small prints, representing the public characters of the day.—This was the shop of John Kay, the caricaturist, who from the year 1785 to the year 1817, was to Edinburgh what H. B. is now to the empire at large. Scarcely a person of any notoriety who figured in the Scottish capital for the period of nearly half a century, scarcely a local incident of any common force, escaped his notice. All are there—magistrates, professors, clergymen, beggars, lawyers, debauchees, quacks, ladies, town-officers, and idiots. In one print, two "caddies," well known in Parliament Square, take a social pinch and a Highland crack; in another, two chimney-sweeps stand shivering at the corner of a street. Now, it is "Tom Fraser, the scavenger," dancing for a glass of whisky; and again it is "Bailie Duff," the self-installed precursor of funerals, robed in all the sable mockery of woe. The outward case of the subtle Monboddo passes before us; Adam Smith is there, and so is Robertson; Provost Elder and his son-in-law, Principal Baird, are sarcastically handed down to posterity as a type of "Friendship." Nor does the artist confine himself to natives and inhabitants of Edinburgh alone; in one plate we find Wesley, the apostle of Methodism, stuck between two of his disciples.

A Mr. Hamilton Bell, writer to the Signet, wagered that he could carry a vinter's call boy on his back from Edinburgh to Musselburgh, and won his wager. This was too good a story to escape Kay, who in a short time brought out an engraving of Bell with the boy on his back, accompanied by an umpire, one Rae, a surgeon, encountering the Musselburgh fish-women with their creels. The good folks of Edinburgh must have been even more thin skinned than they were at the time of the Chaldee manuscript, for Bell lodged a complaint against Kay, who was had up for examination before the sheriff He was immediately liberated on its being proved that Bell did carry the boy to Musselburgh; and all the redress that the angry lawyer got for the publication of his folly, was the issue of a second engraving by Kay, illustrative of his examination. The sheriff and clerk are represented as sitting coolly at table, with Kay standing before them; and Bell and Rae are introduced in the back-ground in an exstacy of rage. On another occasion, Kay published a likeness of Miss Crawford, with Mr. Thomson, a grocer, following her. One of the gallants of the day threatened to cudgel Kay for his boldness, and in a few days there appeared in the artist's window a likeness of the hero between two stout porters, who were belabouring him heartily, while two ladies stood by calling for help.

Two of his prints are now lying on our tables. The first contains three heads. The figure on the spectator's left is James Robertson, of Kincraigie, or, as he was generally called, "The daft Hieland Laird."—Robertson, who was implicated in the rebellion of 1745, was released from confinement as soon as the Government discovered his mental imbecility. On his discharge he was "cognosced" at the suit of his relations, and he passed the rest of his life in Edinburgh upon a small yearly allowance, which (we use the words of Mr. Paton) "enabled him to maintain the character of a deranged gentleman with some degree of respectability." The first channel into which his lunacy ran was an insatiable craving to get himself executed for his adherence to the Stuart cause. The cruel government of the day refused to gratify him, but he managed to frighten his landlady, by running in debt, and threatening not to pay, into the measure of imprisoning him. His friends discharged the arrears, but the laird refused to leave the jail; and it was only by a stratagem that he was got out. Two soldiers of the Town Guard entered his apartment, and told him they were come to escort him to the Justiciary Court; the laird gladly accompanied them, but on reaching the jail door, he was rudely pushed out, and the entrance barred against his return.

Scottish Monthly Magazine.

THE PIGEON SHOOTER'S GLEE.

There's no rural sport that surpasses
Pigeon shooting, circling glasses,
Fill the chrystal goblet up,
Fill the chrystal goblet up.
No Game Laws can ever thwart us,
Nor *qui tams* nor *Habeas Corpus.*
For our license Venus grants,
Let's be grateful; here's a bumper;
In our bounty, here's a bumrer.

Listed under beauty's banners,
What's to us freehold or manors?
Fill the chrystal goblet up,
Fill the chrystal goblet up.
No suspense our temper's trying.
Endless sport our trap supplying;
No ill state 'twixt hope and fear—
At magic word our birds appear;
Fill the chrystal goblet up.
Alike all seasons in our favor
O'er vales and hills, no toil or labor.
No alloy our pleasures yield;
No game-keeper e'er employing
Skill'd in art of game destroying,
Free from trouble, void of care,
We set at nought the poacher's snare,
Fill the chrystal goblet up,
No blank days can ever vex us,
No false points can e'er perplex us,
Fill the chrystal goblet up.

Pigeon swift as wind abounding,
Detonating guns resounding,
See the tow'ring victims fall.
With Apollo science vying,
View the heaps of dead and dying,
Forc'd to pay the debt of nature,
Matters it—soon or later?
Fill the chrystal goblet up.

Aristocracy.—Those who are genuine admirers of aristocracy, and believe in the superiority of bodily and mental qualities transmissible by birth, may take the following portrait, drawn by Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, of the premier Peer of England, the Duke of Norfolk:—"Nature, which cast him in his coarsest mould, had not bestowed on him any of the external insignia of high descent. His person—large, muscular, and clumsy—was destitute of grace or dignity, though he possessed much activity. He might, indeed, have been mistaken for a grazier or a butcher, by his dress and appearance; but intelligence was marked in his features, which were likewise expressive of frankness and sincerity. At a time when men of every description wore hair-powder and a queue, he had the courage to cut his hair short, and to renounce powder, which he never used, except when going to Court. Strong natural sense supplied in Lord Surrey the neglect of education; and he displayed a sort of rude eloquence, whenever he rose to address the house, analogous to his formation of mind and body. In his youth—for at the time of which I speak he had attained his thirty-eighth year—he led a most licentious life, having frequently passed the whole night in excesses of every kind, and even lain down, when intoxicated, occasionally to sleep in the street, or on a block of wood. At the 'Beaf-steak Club,' where I have dined with him, he seemed to be in his proper element. But few individuals of that society could sustain a contest with such an antagonist, when the cloth was removed. In cleanliness he was negligent to so great a degree, that he rarely made use of water for bodily refreshment and comfort. He even carried the neglect of his person so far, that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication for the purpose of washing him. On those occasions, being wholly insensible to all that passed about him, they stripped him as they would have done a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Nor did he change his linen more frequently than he washed himself. Complaining one day to Dudley North that he was a martyr to the rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief. 'Pray, my lord,' said he, 'did you ever try a clean shirt?'"

Wm. Christy, Esq., who has made himself so distinguished by dispersing his wealth in behalf of the Texians, was to sail for New Orleans Sept. 22, to be present at the opening of the Texas Congress, which was to take place in the beginning of October.

Real Havannas.—Hiring a volante, I set off to visit the celebrated manufactory of Woodville, whose cigars are now known all over the world. The establishment was some distance from the city gates. The country through which I passed possessed nothing very remarkable to recommend it to notice, with the exception of some extensive gardens filled with exquisite looking fruit, and flowers of a size and brilliancy of color exceeding any thing I had ever seen in the choicest conservatories in England. Arrived at my destination, I encountered many of my brother officers engaged in selecting cigars; my object was to obtain a quantity of a particular snuff for which the house was famed. I experienced great civility from one of the overseers of these extensive premises, who escorted me over them. Under long open sheds were seated, each at a separate table, a number of negroes, and the leaf and cut tobacco were supplied to them by young black urchins, who skipped about with incredible activity, considering the state of the atmosphere; upon a portion of flattened leaf enough of the cut herb was placed, and then by the application of the wet fingers of the operator, whose saliva was in constant requisition, these materials were speedily rolled into a cigar, the twist at the top being given by placing it between the back teeth. In spite of the disgust I felt at thus learning the art and mystery of their fabrication, I bought some bundles of the "best yellows," and a few of the smaller sort, called pahillos, so extensively patronized by the ladies of Cuba.

Benson Hill's Recollections.

A Cheshire Chicken Merchant.—I could not avoid paying some attention to the proceedings of a chicken merchant, who had under his charge upwards of twenty baskets of live fowls. These a common observer might have thought he was treating in an extraordinary manner; and persecuting the poor creatures to such a degree, that, while the annoyance of their cackling extended to every corner of the vessel, those who sat to leeward were covered with dust and feathers. The entire object of his superintendence seemed to be to inflict torment on these miserable animals, being continually on the alert, and as if possessed with a demoniac spirit, exulting in their imprisonment, as he poked them incessantly with a long stick, and grinned horribly at his victims through the wicker bars of their dungeons. But it was easy to perceive, on a more careful survey of this man's countenance, that such surmises were unfounded; that he was merely laboring in his vocation, and so far from meditating evil to his prisoners, all his acts tended to their good, at least in so far as related to preserving them all alive. Nay, so anxious was he lest they should die, that the perspiration trickled down his forehead, while the birds' feathers stuck upon his broad red gums, faster than he could possibly spit them out. As to his grinning at the birds, it proceeded merely from a nervous contortion of features, the effect of extreme earnestness, and was an involuntary effort by which the cheeks and upper lip were elevated by sheer force of the mucles of the *sinciput.* The simple matter of fact was, that chickens, like human beings, act on selfish principles, and especially when a great number find themselves uncomortable together, each individual tries to get on his neighbor's shoulders, not caring, so long as he himself obtains a little fresh air, whether or not the others endure suffocation. Thus the chicken merchant had necessarily recourse to a revolutionary process; and though he could not alter the nature of the animals, he found means to give each, in his turn, an opportunity to shake his ears and exercise retaliation.

Sir George Head's Tour through the Manufacturing Districts.

Legal Redress, or Sore Satisfaction.—The anecdote of two litigants going to law for an oyster is as old as the hills—each party saved a shell, and the lawyers shared the oyster. 'Bating the mere object in dispute, precisely such a case was settled in a lawyer's office, opposite the New York Court House, last week. On Friday, two small coasters arrived at one of our wharves nearly at the same time. The first had just time "to make fast," when the second hauled alongside. The master of the second, for the purpose of securing the snuggest berth for his own craft, let go the "fast" of the first, and sent her adrift about her business. The captain of the first, as soon as he realized the trick that had been played him, jumped on board of No. 2, and gave the captain "*sick a 'tarnal licking,*" that he couldn't see out of his eyes. As soon as the flogged captain's nose had stopped bleeding, he made for a lawyer's office, took out a court writ for the assault, laying the damages at $100, and paying $5 to the lawyer and constable for serving it. As soon as the writ was presented to the captain that did the beating, he offered the beaten captain $10 to settle. The plaintiff consented to take that sum—thinking himself to be $5 richer by the transaction. A receipt being given, Capt. No. 1 said to No. 2—"Now it is my turn to sue you for damages for casting off my vessel." As he spoke, so he did, and paid $5 for a writ as his antagonist had done before him, and in a few minutes Captain No. 2 was in his turn in *durance vile*, and was only released by paying back his assaulter the $10 which he had just received from him; and as $5 out of both tens went to the lawyers and constables, both captains were of course $5 out of pocket by their *cross* actions.

Boston Morning Post.

Value of Time.—The National gives the following as an extract from a foreign paper:—"Lord Brougham, the most indefatigable man in England, often does not quit his study before midnight, aud he is always up at four. Dr. Cotton Mather, who knew the value of time in everything, was never willing to lose a moment of it. To effect this purpose, he had written upon the door of his study, in large letters, "Be brief." Ursines, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, wishing to prevent the idlers and babblers from interrupting him in his hours of study, had written at the entrance into his library, "Friend, whoever you may be, who enter here, be quick with your business, or go away." The learned Scaliger placed the following phrase upon the door of his cabinet:—"My time is my estate." The favorite maxim of Shakspeare was, "Consider thy time too precious to be spent in gossiping." "Friends are the real robbers of time," said Lord Byron. An old attorney of Chatelet was accustomed to get rid of such of his clients as were importunate, or he had little to hope from, by these words:—"My friends, time lost goes for nothing." "Sire, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request of a brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two," answered the Prince, "I will have you hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier. The monarch, surprised at his presence of mind, granted his request.

Fashion.—And what, after all, is called fashion?—Ten thousand various things, by ten thousand various people! Rank is positive, wealth positive; but fashion is an airy nothing, which obtains a name and local habitation, according to the fancy of the tribunal sitting in judgment. Provincial people, speaking of their country races, observe—"We had all the fashion of the neighborhood: the Duchess and her daughters. Lord so and so and his sons;" evidently mistaking mere Nobility for fashion. London people of a second class talk in the same strain, of "having met Mrs. Bullion and Mrs. Omnium," or other notabilities of the Bank stock aristocracy, with quantities of their fashionable friends at Hastings or Brighton. While the world—the peremptory world of the two thousand—applies the designation of fashion exclusively to that precarious and uncertain distinction which, for a moment, concentrates the favor of its caste upon certain things, or certain persons; individuals deficient in birth, fortune, morals, and understanding, have sometimes been eminently in the fashion; and, as such, preferred before the great or good, have been invited everywhere, courted, caressed, till they attained an air of self-possession—of satisfaction in themselves and the world—conveniently termed an air of fashion.

Diary of a Disennuyee.

Charles X., now near 80, still pursues his favorite amusement of the chase, at his residence, at Budwei's, in Bohemia.

A NIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

In the mind of every one who has read Irving's beautiful Legends of the Hudson, there must be a dim, dreamy, delightful charm associated with the "Highlands." At any rate, it was so with me. The idea of those beautiful hills, by *moonlight* particularly, is always full of inspiration and romance.

About the end of August, 1832, when the cholera considerately began to limit its demand to some twenty or thirty per day, and the frightened shopkeepers were beginning to turn their thoughts towards the "Fall Business," &c., I made one of a crowd that hustled each other "to pay their fare at the Captain's office," by the special invitation of a black gentleman in tight pantaloons, with a remarkably fine head of *wool*, which had been tortured out of its natural curl into a fashionable *friz*, and who seconded his invitation by the ceaseless clappering of the most vociferous bell of its size I ever heard.

The usual squeeze, and the usual price—no, not the *usual* price, for the boat belonged to the "opposition," accomplished the customary tickets for passage and supper—and that sweet little town, with the most musical of names—"Coxackee" was in sight, as with the documents in pocket, I elbowed my way through the crowded deck towards the bow of the boat.

There was one saltpetre-looking gentleman with a tongue like a quick match, firing off his opinions with regard to the efficiency of "gunpowder-pills" in case of collapse. Another with a straw hat and red whiskers, was vetoing the veto, which he had in his hand, and bothering the brain of a dropsical Dutchman into a state of confused conviction; while an elderly gentleman, who was doubtless a philanthropist, notwithstanding a most conceited red nose, was conversing through the agency of slate and pencil with a deaf and dumb traveller, who spelt "Poughkeepsie," *puckipsy*.

The evening was beautiful. And Hudson, with its red brick and white steeplees, looked from the hill upon a glorious sunset. Kaatskill mountains reared their shoulders in the west—and with the firm resolve of sitting up until after midnight, to enjoy "a night upon the Hudson," off I bolted with some hundred others, at the summons of the "tea bell." Oh! the delights, the ease, the pleasure, the attentions of a meal upon a North River steamboat! Who that has enjoyed will, or ought to forget them? Rush, crush, tumble, scramble,—achieve a seat,—smash your hat between your knees—stick your elbows in your neighbors' sides, and fall to work.

There was the most glowing specimen of a red face I had ever beheld, burning directly opposite. It was animated with the sincere desire to be doing. The eyes spoke plates full of determination; and the knife and fork were elevated for "action—action." A fine larded, boiled chicken seemed the most threatened object, but alas! the most ferocious knife of my right-hand neighbor anticipated him of the face, and the better half was transplanted in a twinkling, to a plate already laden with most respectable portions of beef steaks, cutlet, ham, potatoes, to say nothing of some half dozen sausages, bursting with a sense of their own importance—the whole surrounded with an embankment of eggs and hot rolls. The gentleman with the face looked! Again the fork was descending, and the lingering half awaited the call, but it was "wanted" in another quarter. My neighbor on the left, whose shoulders overlooked my diminished head, coolly lifted dish and contents, and removed the latter with a *slide* to his own circle of action. Again he of the face looked! The dish was returned—a greasy blank!—

At this moment a waiter passed with a fine broiled fowl and a dish of omelet.

"Here, waiter!" with a voice like the burst of a volcano, which I have no doubt his heart at the moment resembled.

"Bring them there here."

They came—one plunge of the fork sealed the destination of the once feathery biped, and one sweep of the knife settled the omelet question. My neighbors on the right and left looked! A smile of triumph added sunshine to the orbed face of the victor, and as an acre of green and yellow disappeared down his gulf of a throat, a voice from its depth muttered and rumbled "I'm first this time, by G—d." Never was the right of conquest more clearly illustrated, or more vigorously acted upon.

With more patience and less appetite than my neighbors, I contrived to perform my duties towards my wants, and again sought the forward deck, directed to that quarter by a conspicuous notice that there must be "no smoking aft the weels." Oh! the quiet bliss of a good cigar! And oh! the uneasy labor of a bad one!—Draw till the eyes start out of your head, and the nose is as sharp as winter's—'tis the last cigar, and you are in no humor to go below for another. In the midst of your toil you are saluted,—

"Please, sir, a little of your fire?"

"Certainly, sir."

And you are relieved from further anxiety by seeing the wretched spark, which you had been laboring to animate, blackened and extinguished.

"Bless me! I am afraid I've put it out."

"Yes, sir,—sorry for your disappointment."

Kaatskill Landing!—and a little fellow in a round jacket came gabbling on board. "He was an Englishman—long time in America—knew every body—been every place—cholera all humbug—moon rise at ten—slow boat—mountain house—two dollars a day—no ice—bad table—beat all the billiard-players—bedbugs top of a mountain—all humbug!" Heavens, how his tongue did run, and so at length did I.

Oh! the sweet evening breeze of the Hudson, snuffed from the upper deck of one of her floating palaces! There was a procession of sad dark clouds moving across the Kaatskill, slowly and solemnly—the foremost almost the exact shape of a gigantic horse, with towering plumes and shadowy drapery. Quite a treat for fancy in the falling twilight!

Some time before the moon would rise—but a fair little star was winking at me over the east bank. It looked kindly and smilingly, as the first stars of evening always do. There is no deceit in them, and this one in particular appeared to take quite an interest in me. We were perfect strangers, but I don't know how it happened, we grew intimate on the instant. I whispered to it all my wishes, and told it all my fears. It listened kindly, and smiled encouragingly, and although I entrusted it with a certain tender subject, it has never been a tell-tale. The stars are the sweetest of all confidants. They never blab,—and they are such good listeners! You may bore them by the hour with your griefs and disappointments without wearying their good humor.

At length up came the moon—and so did the *cockney*—and so did a score or so of followers who seemed to think him well worth listening to.

"Kingston Baggage!"

"Oh! yes, that's Kingston—do you know Brown?—ever been to Paris? Broadway nothing to Regent-street—Cinderella all humbug.—Best juleps at City Hotel.—Fanny Kemble coming over—did'nt write Francis 1st—all humbug—best cigars on board—don't bite off end—humbug."

Driven below, to get out of the sound of that eternal gabble. As we could not reach "the Highlands" before *twelve*, and they were alone the objects of interest, thought I might as well nap it for an hour, and then rise to enjoy them in their midnight and moonlight silvery glory. Accordingly took up my five feet and a half of a settee, and was just gliding into the world of dreams, when I was civilly requested to rise, as it was time to "make up beds," which interesting operation consists in spreading as many oblong, flattened ticks of grass upon a few square feet as possible.

Up again to the deck. The cockney still going—lighted a cigar and began to hum

"Midst doubts confusing."

Fatal mistake! I touched the chord of harmony in the breast of a Paganini-looking object, wrapped in a plaid cloak, to keep off the summer dew, who immediately struck up the variations of the "Tyrolean." His variations from taste, time, and tune, were "curious," as they say in the west.

"The Highlands" were now visible, swelling like hazy shadows in the distance. A dim object, studded here and there with glistening lights, approached—the night-boat from New York—a rush—a strange mingling of sounds—a bright volley of whirling sparks, like swarms of fire-flies—a stroke of the bell, and again the scene was one of silence.

A bright little cascade fell in threads of silver from the western bank—a white cottage—and fairy-like sail, all glittering in the moon beams, and then Newburgh!

Here the quiet was broken, by a terrific descent of straw hats, round jackets, and hair trunks. Felt certain obtuse pains in a suspicious region, and prudently went below for port and sugar. There was a legitimate row between the hero of the red face, otherwise the knight of the omelet, and a small Frenchman, with whiskers worthy of Waterloo. The latter reclined upon a mattress-spread settee, and evinced a most decided determination to retain possession of the same.

"Sair, I shall not be disturb—I shall have my bed, and I shall have my sleeps."

"Your bed! I got it first, and that there's my umbrella on it."

"Sair, I shall not object to your umbrella, but I shall object to you."

"Object to me!—damn you, I've only been to the bar, and I left that there umbrella across the bed to know it again. So turn out."

Here imitating the manner of the gentlemen who so dexterously deprived him of the second half of the chicken at supper, the owner of the umbrella seized one end of the settee, and with a vigorous lift rolled the Frenchman, mattress and all, at full length upon the prostrate form of a snoring neighbor, whose sleep seemed too sound to be disturbed by the row, but who now started up, seized the Frenchman, and with a swing, sent him headlong across the persons of two or three other sleepers.

The cabin was now all confusion. The man of the face seized his umbrella, and bestrode his fallen settee, swearing that "no damned frog-eating Frenchman should have his quarters." The stewards were explaining; the Monsieur was raving; and the captain was politely informing all parties that he should set them ashore at the next landing. This proved effective; and the matter was finally adjusted, and so was the settee, and sleepers—the Frenchman threatening daggers and pistols for the morning.

Up stairs again, and there was the eternal Cockney, strutting the deck with a musical snuff box in his pocket. Sought the upper deck which seemed now to afford a chance of solitude—two persons only, to interfere with me, the gentleman of the variations, and a star-gazer, who sat in one of the corners aft seemingly absorbed in the contemplation of such a scene of beauty.

Yonder is the "Man's Face," and now we are wrapped in the shadow of a towering hill, as we skirt the base. Look! there is the very cliff up which Dolph Heyliger scrambled. And in that break of moonlight, one might also fancy he beheld the party of Indians and the Albany Burgomaster. What can the star-gazing gentleman be musing on? He must sympathise with me, I am sure, but won't disturb him.

Hark! 'Tis the splash of a sturgeon; and yonder is the ripple of his spring to shake his tail at the moon. Look, where just emerging from that line of dense shade, glides a spectre-like sail—a schooner. What a stilly, mysterious motion it possesses! 'Tis the Water-Witch upon its midnight watch. There is a far off flickering light on the east shore, reflected in a fiery, trembling line upon the water. And look!

Here my harmony of feeling was sadly jarred by that damnable musical amateur, who began

"Morning its sweets is flinging,"

horribly out of time.

Then came West Point, the distant lights in the windows of the Institution, glimmered to mark the spot. A moment, and we were in the bosom of "the Highlands," shut up in hills.

"Ye guards of liberty"—My apostrophe was suddenly interrupted by a cry from the amateur, who had dropped his straw hat overboard; and who now retired, thank providence.

Lighted another cigar and was happy. That star-gazing gentleman! What a congenial soul! His face had been turned obliquely towards heaven, all night, and his fancy, no doubt, as busy as my own. He appeared to be a middle aged, gentlemanly man,—Washington Irving himself, perhaps! He had returned to America but a short time before. Almost convinced myself that it was no other than he, rapt in a reverie of thought and romance, inspired by the air of his favorite river, to whose thousand charms, he had added a thousand others.

Anthony's nose! We were sweeping round its broad base, and I could restrain myself no longer. Yonder reclined one who was participating in all the delightful illusions of the scene. I sprung towards him.

"Sir—Sir—was ever any thing so beautiful?"

Horror! what sounds struck my ear! so help me heaven! a long, lazy, appalling, blood-curdling, half-suppressed, supernatural snore! By all the River Gods, he was asleep! I strode backward in a fever of disappointment, puffing the smoke of my Havana, in short, fierce, pitiless puffs!

What a monster! My strides backward and forward became absolutely savage; and when the spectre-looking mulatto, with straight hair and pale night drapery, poked her head up the stair-way and said I "musn't walk about, as I disturbed the ladies."

Sat down—snore, snore no longer *piano*, but *fortissimo*. The Goth! Absolutely worse than either the Cockney or the amateur. Went to the lower deck, and strode forward in a rage. There I found the Cockney, and was driven below in despair! What a sight! *Still life!* Head and tail together like mackerel on a stall—the most prominent beauty was the posterior protuberance of the red faced gentleman, glowing in the lamp-light. And the atmosphere! a suffocating malaria, pestilent with the odour of foul stockings. Felt a nausea—was making out for relief, when I was recalled by the cries of a passenger, who awoke with all the not-to-be-mistaken symptoms of cholera! Cramp, and pricking pain in the left foot! Awakened the steward—untied my package of preventives, and ——— "his leg was asleep!"

Ascended again, and met the star-gazing gentleman staggering down stairs blind drunk! What a sinking in poetry! However, the upper deck was at length entirely mine, and the scene repaid me for all my trials. Mountains tumbled together in wild confusion, as if the Almighty Architect had been called away and left his work in its confused grandeur.

A few moments, and the river expanding again, opened on a level country, and I looked back upon the shadowy hills, within whose bosom we had wound our devious course.

Half-past three! The fog came sweeping on. Felt damp, and prudence bade me beware of inviting the griping fiend to visit me. Took some camphor and water. Fell asleep, and dreamed of seeing two hearses running a race to the church-yard, and the relations of the deceased betting on the issue. Was at length awakened by a sharp pain occasioned by the fat-faced gentleman treading on my toe.

Went again on deck. Morn was rosy in the east. Cleared my sight by an application of fresh water. And there was Gotham!—its early smoke mingling with the lingering fogs of Autumn.

Miscellanies.

Fatal Challenge.—A brave fellow, one Wm. Wheelock, a German, was put *hors du combat* yesterday in quite a novel manner. William is a harness-maker, and having a quarrel with a fellow journeyman and countryman, challenged him to mortal combat. The defiance was accepted, and the fight was to come off yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, with pistols and dirks, on the City lands, near Tremont-street. Some unchristian busy-body, who did not like to see two human beings making fools of themselves and jeopardizing their souls, communicated the intention of the combatants to Marshal Pollard, who sent a constable and a coach, which proceeded to the battle field, and finding Wheeler punctual to his appointment and "eager for the fray," took possession of him, and carried him to the Police Court, where he was required to give bonds in the sum of $50 to keep the peace for two months. The fulfilment of this moderate demand not falling within the scope of his ability—his seconds and friends having deserted him in the hour of need—he was locked up and put out of the way of fight. Boston Transcript.

A Foster Mother.—Mr. Wilson, of the John Bull public-house, Layerthorpe, in the suburbs of this city, has two leverets, which are suckled by a cat, and the utmost attachment is manifested by the young hares to their feline protector, who attends to them with every demonstration of maternal affection.

Deafness.—Many are undoubtedly deaf from sheer negligence: they have, according to the clever, though eccentric Dr. Kitchiner, only hearing enough to catch the sound of the dinner bell, and sight sufficient to find a spoon; they are accustomed never to attend when first spoken to; but answer you with a "Was that you?" "Pray did you speak?" "What did you say? Eh? what? eh?" And their idleness and inattention daily growing upon them, they become in time really deaf; not from any defect or disease, but from absolute sluggishness. With such persons it is obvious the aurist has nothing to do. They must, if they wish to hear, rouse themselves from their lethargy, and listen attentively to those who address them. Curtis on the Ear.

Mr. Louis's balloon excursion, to which the natives of this part of the world had been some time looking with so much expectation, took place last week, though not exactly in the manner promised. Instead of an *upward*, he went off in a *horizontal* direction—instead of being carried away by the balloon, he carried *it* away. He took with him a few hundred dollars belonging to the citizens, we suppose as ballast. Columbia (S. C.) Telescope.

Finniana.—We omitted one of Finn's good 'uns yesterday:

"Why is your boot like a *canal?* Because it has a *toe path*."

"Why don't you make conundrums like me? You make nothing but Irish bulls. I wish you'd make *cows*, and lower the price of *milk*."

Novel Theft.—One John Butt has been committed to prison at Marietta, Ohio, for stealing the cushions of the 2d Presbyterian church, at that place, and *carrying off the pulpit!* Wonder if the minister was in it? Boston Post.

Boat Clubs, Regattas, etc.—We learn from the New York papers that great preparations were making for a grand regatta which was to take place on Monday last in the bay; all the different boat clubs appearing either as competitors for the prizes, or as witnesses of the skill displayed in this healthful and manly exercise. As the enterprising young men of our city are ever on the alert and ready to promote objects of utility, and wishing to combine amusement with the promotion of health, they have procured from New York a beautiful boat—built by a first rate ship wright—and associated themselves as the 'Buffalo Club.' We yesterday, by invitation, had the pleasure of an excursion in this 'bonnie boat,' and were much gratified with the ability displayed by the amateurs. As a spirit of amicable rivalry begets a better zest and more hearty enjoyment of such sports, let others come forward and form clubs, thus affording to our citizens a similar display to that which is so highly appreciated and extolled by the New Yorkers. Buffalo Journal.

A Valuable Horse.—Mr. Hinton, of Lambeth, has a horse which he calls Juniper, that he has taught to open the door and feed himself; and when Mr. H. desires to ride, he has nothing to do but call for Juniper, when instantly the horse will open the stable door, and taking the saddle and bridle in his mouth, comes to his master. When he has finished riding he takes off his saddle and bridle, which the horse, of his own accord, carries back to the barn, then closes the door, seizes the curry comb in his mouth, curries such parts as he can, then hangs it up and rubs himself against it. The Duke of Buccleuch has offered Mr. Hinton a thousand guineas for the horse. Liverpool Mercury.

Take care of your Hats.—At the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, the company around the elephant's enclosure were, on Tuesday afternoon, favored with a specimen of the animal's epicurean propensity, which created some astonishment and not a little laughter. The fruit and cakes being but scantily dealt out, he made a longer appeal by stretching his trunk over the rails, but this not proving more successful, he deliberately removed a white hat from a gentleman's head, folded it into the shape of an opera *etaque*, and having introduced the *morceau exquis* into his capacious throat, bolted it, if not with relish, certainly with a *sang froid* which the serious face of the loser could not disturb.

A foreigner but just arrived at this place, observed an owl, which a farmer had brought in for sale. "Pray what do you ask for this turkey?" said the foreigner. "Why, sir, this is an owl." "I don't care how ould he is—only tell me your price."

A gentleman who had just put aside two bottles of capital ale to recreate some friends, discovered just before dinner, that his servant, a country bumpkin, had emptied them both. "Scoundrel!" said the master, "what do you mean by this?" "Why, sir, I saw plain enough by the clouds, that it were going to thunder, so I drank up the yale at once, lest it should turn sour, for there's nothing I abominate like waste." Fuseil, when he failed in any of his serious caricatures, used to complain that nature put him out; and the sluttish housemaid, when scolded for the untidiness of the chambers, exclaimed, "I'm sure the rooms would be clean enough, if it were not for the nasty sun, which is always showing the dirty corners."

In the debate on the removal of Washington's remains, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Howard, of Maryland, related the following interesting historical anecdote:—"When the British fleet was passing up the Potomac, with hostile intent, during the late war, the commander directed that when he arrived opposite Mount Vernon he should be informed of the fact. When he was told that the ship was passing the tomb of Washington, the officers assembled upon deck, and passed by *uncovered* and in *silence*."

Lodging.—"Have you iver a lodge for a poor traveller and his wife?" said an honest Hibernian, fresh from the green isle, to the keeper of a grocery a short time since. "I have not," was the reply; "but you can easily get one at a lodging-house, just around the corner."

"Is it straight ahead, without turnin'?"

"The very same."

"And what, saving yer prisence, may they ax for a *feather* lodge?"

"Two shillings."

"And a *sthraw* lodge is how much?"

"Eighteen pence."

"And a *floor* one is what?"

"Only a shilling."

"Come, then, Biddy, and we'll just take a couple of floors," said Patrick, taking his scolding half by the arm, and walking out of the store.

Dog Anecdote.—Like most little dogs, Rover had a great soul, yet, as must have been expected, he was no match for the generality of his species. But what he wanted in physical strength he made up in policy. He wisely employed a portion of his riches in subsidizing his poorer, but stronger neighbor; and thus acquired a weight and importance among his own race in the village, to which he could not otherwise lay claim. In plain language, Rover kept a dog in pay, to fight his battles for him. This I discovered by observing that, whenever he got a bone which he could not compass, he immediately hid it, and then went off in search of the baker's mastiff, whose more potent jaws soon demolished the provision. This I at first set down to generosity, or a natural love of patronage, till I ascertained the true motive, by observing that, whenever he was attacked by a larger dog than himself, he forthwith set off in search of his Swiss, the said mastiff, to whom he had delegated the office of thrashing his opponents.

Adventure in Texas.—I had a little sport this morning before breakfast. The enemy had placed a piece of ordinance within gun-shot of the fort during the night, and the first thing in the morning they commenced a brisk cannonade, point-blank, against the spot where I was snoring. I turned out pretty smart, and mounted the rampart. The gun was charged again, a fellow stepped forth to touch her off, but before he could apply the match, I let him have it, and he keeled over. A second stepped up, snatched the match from the hand of the dying man, but Thimblerig, who had followed me, handed me his rifle, and the next instant the Mexican was stretched on the earth beside the first. A third came up to the cannon, my companion handed me another gun, and I fixed him off in like manner. A fourth, then a fifth, seized the match, who met with the same fate, and the whole party gave it up as a bad job, and hurried off to the camp, leaving the cannon ready charged, where they had planted it. Thimblerig told me that the place from which I had been firing was one of the snuggest stands in the whole fort, for he never failed picking off two or three stragglers before breakfast, when perched up there. And I recollect now, having seen him there, ever since he was wounded, the first thing in the morning, and the last at night, and at times, thoughtlessly playing at his eternal game. Col. Crockett's Memoirs.

A merchant, a few miles from Petersburg, Va., on opening a hogshead of hardware, and comparing its contents with the invoice of it, found a hammer less than was charged therein. This he mentioned to a young Irishman, his assistant, who immediately exclaimed, "Och, my honey, don't be after bothering your head about that, didn't the nager take it *out of the hogshead to open it with?*"

When the Constitution and Guerriere were going into action, the latter kept up a continual peppering, while the former, to the amazement of all on board the Guerriere, answered not a single shot. "She'll strike without firing," said all the sailors, except one old *tarry*, who significantly shook his head, and gruffly observed, "The d—d Yankee knows what he's about."

"At Home."—The house of a Mrs. Gillingham, Baltimore, during a month she was absent in journeying, was made a rendezvous of thieves—they slept in her beds, eat her preserves, drank up her cordials, and made themselves quite "at home"—poor woman!

A paragraph has lately gone the rounds of the newspapers, of the "Anticipated Murder" of a Mr. Knapp, in Litchfield, Conn. The affair turns out to be quite another thing. He ran away from his wife with a pretty girl, and cut his hat, otherwise marked it, and threw it away for the public to talk about, until he could get clear off.

The New York Herald says that Dr. Beecher is in fact an ancient apostle, who, by mistake, has slipped into the nineteenth century.

Republican Simplicity.—Capt. Howes, well known to travellers in steamboats, and formerly commander of a packet to Liverpool, has sometimes been much troubled by the English aristocracy. On one occasion an English gentleman insisted upon some extra attention being paid to his baggage. Capt. Howes very courteously assured him that his baggage should be safe, and left him, to attend to other matters. Shortly afterwards a boat from the "Royal Tar," came on board, and the same fastidious passenger was introduced to Capt. H. as Sir ——— ———, the wealthiest knight in ———shire, England. Capt. H. took the hand of the British dignitary and shook it, observing at the same time, "I don't care a copper for his rank and riches; all I want of him is my *three dollars* for his passage.

The English papers relate as a fact the following circumstance:—A widower at Camden, who was not very young, became smitten with a young and beautiful girl, and married her. A short time after, the son of this man by a former wife, became also in love, not with a young person, but with the mother of the father's new wife, a lady still in the bloom of life. He offered himself, and soon the young man and the widow were united in the bonds of matrimony; so that in consequence of these two connexions, a father becomes the son of his own son-in-law of his own son, and a wife not only the daughter-in-law of her own son-in-law, but still more, the mother-in-law of her own daughter, whilst the husband of the latter is father-in-law of his mother-in-law and father-in-law of his own father. Singular confusion may arise if children should spring from these peculiar marriages.

Anecdote of Admiral Cornwallis.—I remember a very curious anecdote of this very remarkable and gallant officer, Admiral Cornwallis. He was a man of very few words, but they were very weighty and forcible when they fell. When he commanded either the Canada or the Lion in the West Indies, I forget which, the seamen were dissatisfied with him for some cause or other, and when the ship was going before the wind, they threw a letter over the stern, which they contrived should be blown into the stern galley. In this document they expressed a determination not to fight should they come in the presence of the enemy. Cornwallis read the letter, went on deck, turned his hands up, and thus addressed them:—"So, my lads, I find you don't intend to fight if we meet the French; well, never mind, I'll take care you shall be well shot at, for I will lay you near enough." They gave him three hearty cheers, and in the subsequent battle no ship could have behaved better. Capt. Branton's Naval History.

We recollect of hearing an old gentleman, somewhat in his dotage, boasting of his son's reputation as a physician, and adding that he was always distinguished for his talents, even when a boy, particularly when he used to go a gunning, he always killed whatever he took aim at. A bystander remarked, that the same trait of character remained with him still—that he killed every one that came in his way.

Challenge.—We are authorized to say that the Falcon Barge Club will row their barge Falcon with any barge on the Ohio river, with from two to eight oars, for any sum under five hundred dollars. If this banter is accepted, the race will take place at such time and place as may be agreed upon. Louisville (Ky.) Journal.

"The Remission of Sin."—The Atlas is studying the power of this attribute with attention, and we trust not without hope. Boston Morning Post.

Rothschild left a fortune of upwards of twenty millions of dollars. That is only about twice as much as Girard "cut up;" nothing to speak of, although John Jacob Astor says that a man worth half a million is just as well off and as happy as a rich one. Ibid.

Women in a passion should begin by throwing into the fire their pens and paper—as much mischief has been done in the world by hasty letters, as by the discovery of gunpowder. Ibid.

The beaux are having their hair curled to see Miss Clifton. If she be one half as lovely as the New Yorkers say she is, there will be as many heads as hearts broken for her here. Boston Morning Post.

Foddering the Wrong Beast.—A few days since, a strong and active young man drove with great rapidity to a public house in the vicinity of this city. Having many miles to proceed, he left his jaded horse at the door, entered the bar-room, took a glass of brandy, then jumped into his vehicle and drove off. "He'd better have given his horse two quarts of oats," said the bar-keeper.—"The young man had probably forgotten," said a bystander, "that it was the horse, and not himself, that performed the labor of travelling." "He has foddered the wrong animal," said another. Boston Post.

ANECDOTES, SAYINGS, AND DOINGS,
BY NIMROD,
OF THE CRACK RIDERS OF ENGLAND,
and other Sportsmen.

To Speak of Mr. Musters as a huntsman, requires the knowledge of a huntsman, but I must make the attempt; therefore as old Corcoran says, when he comes to an awkward fence, '*Go along horse.*'

Sir Tatton Sykes comes under the denomination of what is called 'a character;' and one of his chief characteristics is to be found in his passion for riding a race, his method of travelling across the country, the plainness of his dress, and the outward humility of his demeanor towards all ranks.

A poet calls Humility 'that low sweet root from which all heavenly virtues shoot;' but in my opinion it is not always free from suspicion.

——— 'There are some that use
Humility to serve their pride, and seem
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder
At their wished journey's end.'

Sir Tatton's method of travelling across country betrays a strength of constitution and hardihood of frame, not only enviable, but characteristic, I believe, of his countrymen. If asked to go a hundred miles to ride a race, he puts a clean shirt in his pocket, his racing jacket under his waistcoat, a pair of over-alls above his leathers, and, jumping upon some thorough-bred tit, arrives there the next day by the time of starting, and, when the race is over, canters his thorough bred horse home again.

As may be natural to suppose, the great attractions to my eye in my visit to the North were the earl of Darlington's and Mr. Ralph Lambton's fox-hounds. The rank of the former—the splendor of his establishment—the character I had heard of him—all had some share in exciting my curiosity; but these were of comparative insignificance to the extraordinary fact of his having hunted his own hounds thirty-six seasons; and not hunting them only, but going through all the drudgery of a huntsman, by constantly drafting and feeding them in the season, and paying the most minute attention to all the operations of the kennel.

Although his inferior in rank, in the same field with his Lordship as a sportsman is that idol of his circle, Mr. Ralph Lambton, who has kept and hunted the Lambton hounds thirty-five seasons—his elder brother having kept them seven years before.

Lord Darlington's hounds met on Monday the 13th at York Gate, on the London and Glasgow road, three miles from Sir Bellingham's house. As is always the case when the fixture is so near, we had not a minute to spare, and just got to the place as Lord Darlington drove up in his carriage, with Lady Arabella Vane, his youngest daughter, for whose riding a most splendid horse was in waiting. Lady Arabella was attired in her scarlet habit, and his Lordship in a straight-cut scarlet coat, with an embroidered fox on the collar, a hat, and a leather girdle across his shoulder. His two whippers in were also in hats, and had the embroidered fox on the collar.*

Setting aside the attractions I have already enumerated, losing sight of his rank and other adventitious circumstances, I met Lord Darlington greatly prepossessed in his favor. '*I* have known Lord Darlington,' said Sir Bellingham, over our claret on the evening preceding, 'from my earliest years, and have a very great regard for him. There is one thing—his *passion for fox hunting*—we must all esteem him for; and when we go to visit him, I think you will find him a most excellent companion, and one of the best bred men in the world.'

At half-past three o'clock, as Lord Darlington was getting his hounds out of covert, Sir Bellingham addressed him thus:—'Well, my Lord, I think it is time to go home, and your road is my road.'—'*My road,*' said his Lordship, '*is through that wood;*'' pointing to Heslett Wood, two miles in nearly a contrary direction. To Heslett Wood we went, and away went a fox. Hounds never went faster than these did for twenty-five minutes, when they came to the first check. Sir Bellingham had sent his first horse home, and was upon a five year old, in little better than dealer's condition, so he prudently pulled up at the check; but as far as he did go he went well. 'I shall melt his grease,'† said he to me.—'That you certainly will,' replied I; for he was then as white as a sheet. To make short of my story, we ran this fox—sometimes chasing, sometimes hunting, as the nature of the soil admitted—for one hour and twenty-two minutes, and the last twenty minutes in the dark, or we should certainly have tasted him. 'We want the lamps lit,' said I to his Lordship, as he was cramming his mare at a fence without knowing which side the ditch was, and without seeing a gate which I espied in the corner. 'I think we do,' said this veteran sportsman; but he disdained leaving his line for the gate. I saw the place afterwards, and it was an ugly drop into a turnpike road.

I have already said, that Lord Darlington has kept fox-hounds, and has hunted them himself, for thirty-six years; and it is positively asserted, that, unless prevented by illness—an unusual occurrence with him—or a call of the House of Lords on some important occasion, he has only been absent from them in the field three times in that number of years.

Previous to his going to Mr. Musters, Will Price was supposed to be a single man, but whilst in Northamptonshire he had an increase to his establishment.—This gave rise to the report of his being married; and when his old master the Colonel stumbled upon him, a word or two was exchanged on the subject. 'So, Will,' said Colonel Berkeley, 'you are married, I find? I should have thought you might have done without a wife.'—'Lord bless you, Colonel,' replied Will, 'I am not married—she's only a woman I've got *for the season.*'

During our walk out with the hounds, Lord Darlington related to us a singular anecdote of the instinct of a fox-hound. In his father's life-time, a hound called Gleaner was sent from Yorkshire to the then Duke of Bólton, of Hackwood Park, near Basingstoke, in Hampshire; and in the almost incredible space of sixty hours he was back at his kennel in Yorkshire.

When we had done with the hounds, we devoted an hour to the stables, which, though not equal in space or magnificence to those at Raby, are in every respect sufficient, and hold about thirty hunters besides coach horses. It is worthy of remark, that with the exception of a pony of the Countess's, I never saw a hack either here or at Raby. Every thing goes a hunting, or in harness; but of the stud I shall speak hereafter. Three of the hunters were going off this day to London to the hammer, but we had a saddle put on one of them, and gave him a gallop in the grounds, which ended by Sir Bellingham purchasing him for his own stud. Lord D. made us laugh when he told us he sold that horse *solely to oblige the ladies.* 'A better hunter,' said his Lordship, 'no man need ride; but he put his foot into a grip one day with my boy, and came down, which the Ladies attributed to his having only one eye.'

Speaking of the Ladies, 'Pray, my Lord,' said I, as we were walking out with the hounds after feeding, 'is not your kennel here very near to the house? Does not the savor of the boiler sometimes find its way into the drawing-room?' 'It may,' replied his Lordship, '*but we are all too well bred for fox hunting to mind that.*' At all events, 'a concord of sweet sounds' must often titilate the Ladies' ears.

I cannot here let pass an anecdote of Dick the whipper-in, as it is so truly characteristic of *the ruling passion*, and also of the attachment men have to hounds when cradled in a kennel. It so happened that we were all—and a pretty large party—seated at the breakfast table, when Lord Darlington made his appearance. Next to the usual inquiries after his Lordship's health, the question was asked by two or three at once, 'Have you heard how Dick is?'—'I have been to his bed-side,' said Lord D.; 'he has had a restless night, nevertheless I hope he will do well; but he made me smile when he said *he had no doubt* but he should be able to go out with the hounds on Wednesday! He also inquired *after Lightning's eyes, and how Rufus and Mortimer had fed?*'

As nothing is more gratifying than to see objects that approach nearest to perfection, it was a treat to me even to ride upon ice with this pack before my eyes. To an admirer of the animal, no higher gratification could be afforded than in looking at such hounds as Merlin, Rosamond, Rosemary, Myrtle, Lovely, Venus, and Beauty. In naming some of them, when whelps, Mr. Lambton, may almost be said to have some prophetic feeling, for most of the names are sympathetic of beauty. There is Venus the goddess herself, there is Lovely, and there is Beauty; and Rosamond, among the poets, is an appellation expressive of female beauty. It may be said I degrade the character of female beauty when I apply it to a dog; but I should deny the charge, and answer that a fox-hound bitch displays it second only to woman: for what is the basis of what we call beauty? Is it not shape and spirit, combined with an elegant carriage? Did not Æneas know Venus *by her walk?* Nothing can be more elegant than the gait of an English fox-hound when cast in a perfect mould.

In our ride this day Mr. Lambton took me to the house of a celebrated old sportsman in this part of the world, and one of that respectable and once happy class of beings called English yeoman. Sir Walter Scott calls them,

'England's peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land;'

and John Burrell is as good a sample as the Poet could have found. For aught I know he might have had him in his eye when he wrote,

—— 'Each boasts his hearth
And field, as free as the best lord his barony;
Owing subjection to no human vassalage
Save to their king and law;'

for there was an air of honest independence about John Burrell that made a deep impression upon me: and when he went up to the Hon. Capt. Dundas, shook him heartily by the hand, and 'in the full dialect of the nation,' asked him *how all his friinds in Yorkshire were?* I thought I saw something like a resurrection of old English manners. There was warmth of feeling in his address and language so different to the cold-blooded greetings of the present day that was quite to my taste; and I was sorry to hear him decline the honor of dining at the Club, for I am sure I should have had a treat.

We might have hunted this day; but as Mr. Lambton's earth-stoppers do not stop from the Newspapers, no earths were put to; so Mr. Williamson accompanied me to Rushyford to see my stud, and to help to kill the day. On the road thither, he showed me something he thought would please. This was a very high timber fence, into the road, just newly covered with broken stones, which Bob, the whipper-in, had ridden over a few days before, *merely to turn hounds.* From the concussion produced, the horse was unable to keep his legs, and floundered on his head to the ground. Bob, however, stuck to him, hanging at one time only by his spurs; but *he never ceased hallooing*, 'Get away, get away, geat away, hounds!' whereas most people would have been thinking of being trepanned. His situation must have been an awful one, or it would have been thought lightly of by Mr. Williamson; for in all my days I never saw—indeed it is impossible to see—a more nerveless rider than the renowned Billy Williamson—I beg pardon, but in the Sedgefield country Mr. Williamson is known by no other name—of whom I must make more honorable mention hereafter.

I was much pleased by the sight of John Burrell in the field this morning.—His riding days are over, as indeed are those of most other men at his advanced age; but he still likes the smack of the whip. I was happy in having an opportunity of conversing with him, and, as far as my recollection goes, the following is about the substance of our day's discourse.

Nimrod.—This is a clever pack of hounds, Mr. Burrell.

John Burrell.—You never saw such a pack before, and no doubt but you have seen a muckle.

Nimrod.—I have seen another fine pack which you know—Lord Darlington's.

John B.—Oh, he's a fine sportsman! and when he's at Raby I often gang to see him. I am very fond of his Lordship, and his Lordship is very fond of me. And my Lady! eh, what a horsewoman she is! but she don't gang so well as she did: I reckon her Ladyship gets a bit jolly.

Nimrod.—You have a fine country here, Mr. Burrell.

John B.—Aye! the country's well enough; but the parsons suck all the goodness out of it. It all goes to Durham.

Nimrod.—But, Mr. Burrell, I am sorry to find the Marquis of Londonderry kills your foxes. I fear he will hurt your country worse than the parsons.

John B.—Indeed I am very angry with his Lordship, and I told my Lady so the other day. She can't bear the cry of dogs, she says. Oh fie! her father was as good a sportsman a ever followed a hound. What! Sir Harry Vane Tempest's daughter not bear the cry of dogs! Oh fie! But this comes of all your fine London work. It didn't use to be so. I am very angry at them; I don't think I shall ever gang to dine at Wynyard Park again. The last time I was there, they put me into a room that smoked like a lime kiln; but I should not have minded that if they didn't kill the foxes.

I must not let John Burrell depart just yet. He has long afforded much amusement by that bluntness of exprsseion, for which, even in the presence of superiors, the old English character has ever been conspicuous, and I must give my readers one more specimen.

Lord Darlington's dog-language is particularly good. I think he finds his fox in a very superior manner, and some of his cheering halloos quite thrill the soul. In chase, however, he is a little lavish of the word *Forward!* which once called forth the criticism of his old friend John Burrell. The hounds were one day running very hard, and, it may be, *a little too fast for the horses*, his Lordship's among the rest. Honest John happened to be close to his Lordship, who was trying to catch them—at the same time singing out 'Forward, forward, forward!' 'What in the name of God! my Lord,' exclaimed John, 'are you hallooing *forward* for now? surely arn't the dogs ganging a mile before us already?'

On another occasion Lord Darlington made a cast which did not please John. Sure enough the fox had *not* gone that road; and when, after the failure, his Lordship trotted back with his hounds to the line, John Burrell exclaimed, 'That cast my Lord, was *perfectly ridiculous.*' Lord Darlington smiled; but to the honor of fox-hunting be it said, that had not John Burrell been a sportsman, the joke might not have gone down quite so well, as we must confess the language though forcible, was homely.

* In the well-known print of the Earl of Darlington and his fox-hounds, his Lordship appears in a cap, which himself and his men for many years rode in, but at present they all wear hats.

† 'A burnt child dreads the fire.' This has happened to Sir R. more than once.

STEWART'S ADVICE TO PURCHASERS OF HORSES.

There is no animal which man has enlisted and trained in his service that renders him one tithe of the faithful, and patient, and laborious obedience as the horse. Without his aid it would be easy to prove that man would be a slavish drudge, that arts, and trade, and commerce would scarcely have existed, that our comfort would have been very contracted, and our social condition not much above that of the savage. Whether the progress of invention may enable man to dispense with his very varied service is a question which science is now putting to the test. But however rapidly and wonderfully science may extend the application of her powers, we have little chance, for many ages, of seeing inanimate machinery doing all the duty of thews and sinews. In the meantime, the aid given by this noble animal is so very various, that almost every one needs it some time or other, and it is of course very useful to be able to judge of the kind of animal that is best calculated to give the service required. Simple as it may seem, if a man trust to his own undirected observation and experience to acquire this knowledge, he will meet with many disappointments. Such a little treatise as the present, which will enable any one who will give himself a little exertion to observe and apply the rules laid down must be of great use. The best proof of its usefulness is, that four large editions have been already sold, and the book has been republished in America. Little as it is, however, it seems to exhaust the subject, and the information it gives is of that clear and precise k nd which is suited to it. As to its minuteness, it is sufficient to mention that there are between 50 and 60 "causes of unsoundness given and explained." We give the following "General Cautions relating to Buying;"—

"Never purchase a horse from a friend; nor from a litigious man; nor a petty lawyer; nor from one who cannot pay the expenses of a law suit.

"Never, before purchase, show that you are exceedingly well pleased with the horse.

"Hear all that the seller and his grooms say about a horse; but be certain of nothing till you have ocular demonstration.

"Never appear to know any of the tricks of dealers, unless they be attended with cruelty, when it may be proper to discourage and punish them by expressing disapprobation, and refusing to have any transaction with such men.

"But never be so rude as to betray any suspicion of want of faith in the dealer. It is always very offensive, quite useless, impolitic, and it may be erroneous.

"If you discover an unsoundness, or vice, before purchase, it is needless to point it out. To say that the horse is too good for your purpose will serve as well. You need not offend the owner; and you have no right to give the horse a bad character, even when you are quite sure that he deserves it.

"Seldom give the price first asked. Twenty or thirty, or even forty per cent. is no great abatement in horse-dealing.

"Be cautious when a seller warrants a horse, and at the same time candidly tells you of some defect. A little tenderness, produced by a bad shoe, may mean incurable lameness; a slight cough, of no consequence, may signify broken wind, or chronic cough; and when it is said the horse is a little troublesome to go about, it may often be concluded that he is notoriously vicious.

"When an auctioneer says that the horse is not warranted, but that he will warrant him for a guinea, his offer may sometimes be taken, but upon condition that a fair trial be allowed before payment.

"Always, when possible, delay payment until the horse has been minutely examined and tried.

"Be suspicious when delivery is refused until the price is paid, or a certain portion of it deposited—that is, when you are known to be credit-worthy.

"When a horse has many faults, object only to that for which he can be returned. To object first to the price, then to wind-galls, and last of all to spavin, is to say that, right or wrong, you are determined to break the contract.

To a person of doubtful character never, and to a dealer seldom, return a *paid* horse until the price is refunded. There are men who manage to keep both the horse and the money."

Miss Sedgwick's Residence.—Mrs. F. K. Butler was recently staying with Miss Sedgwick, at her lovely villa at Stockbridge, in Massachusetts. In the same charmed spot, too, enjoying the advantages of its unrivalled scenery and unrivalled society, were lately to be seen Willis and his lovely young bride, Dr. Follen and his lady, Professor and Mrs. Dwight, the author of "the Old World and the New," the author of Allen Prescott, Signora Maroncelli, the companion of Pellico, with many others, who, though not known in literature, have yet social and intellectual qualities far dearer than fame's sweetest incense to the heart, who, under the influence of the amiable and accomplished spirits of the place, form probably, as fascinating and select a circle, as it would be possible for human nature to furnish.

The genius of its inhabitants has rendered Stockbridge almost classic ground. Within the village rises the romantic and laurel-covered hill where the readers of Hope Leslie crowd to see its celebrated "Sacrifice Rock." Here is "Our Graveyard," so beautifully and touchingly described in one of Miss Sedgwick's fugitive pieces. Within a mile or two rise the hideous precipices of "Monument Mountain," of which Bryant, in one of his finest poems, has recorded this mournful legend; and close by it stretches the remarkable chasm so often described by tourists as the "ice hole," formed by a fearful rent to its very bottom, by some primeval convulsion of nature, in a mountain of solid marble, and as its name implies, where an eternal winter sleeps within its craggy depths. The beautiful Housatonic winds through this "happy valley," which is altogether such a place to live and to enjoy life in, as the universe might be searched for to "furnish its fellow" in vain.

NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Since the publication of "England, Ireland, and America," the author has had an opportunity of visiting the United States, and of taking a hasty glance of the North American people; and his ocular experience of the country has confirmed him in the views he put forth in that pamphlet. Looking to the natural endowments of the North American continent—as superior to Europe as the latter is to Africa—with an almost immeasurable extent of river navigation, its boundless expanse of the most fertile soil in the world, and its inexhaustible mines of coal, iron, lead, &c.—looking at these, and remembering the quality and position of a people universally instructed and perfectly free, and possessing, as a consequence of these, a new born energy and vitality very far surpassing the character of any nation of the old world— the writer reiterates the moral of his former work, by declaring his conviction that it is from the west rather than the east, that danger to the supremacy of Great Britain is to be apprehended—that it is from the peaceful and silent rivalry of American commerce, the growth of its manufactures, its rapid progress in internal improvements, the superior education of its people, and their economical and pacific government—that it is from these, and not from the barbarous policy or the impoverishing armaments of Russia, that the grandeur of our commercial and national prosperity is endangered. And the writer stakes his reputation upon the prediction, that in less than 20 years this will be the sentiment of the people of England generally; and that the same conviction will be forced upon the Government of the country. The writer has been surprised at the little knowledge that exists here with respect to the mineral resources of America. Few are aware that in nothing does that country surpass Europe so much as in its rich beds of coal. By a Government survey of the state of Pennsylvania, it appears that it contains twenty thousand square miles of coal, with iron in proportion. This in one state only! whilst the whole of the Mississippi valley is more or less enriched with this invaluable combustible. Several of his neighbors have been astonished by the inspection of a specimen of bituminous coal which the writer procured from a pit at Brownsville, on the Monongahela river, above Pittsburgh, and which is pronounced equal to the very best qualities produced from the mines in Yorkshire. The mode of working the pits is, to drive an adit into the sloping banks of the navigable rivers, and at a few yards distance the coal stratum is usually found, six feet in thickness; and as the miner is always able to work in an upright posture, one man will frequently produce as much as 100 loads a day. The steamboat in which the author went from Brownsville to Pittsburgh stopped at one of these pitts' mouths, and took in a supply of fuel, which was charged at the rate of about three farthings a bushel. These are facts which bear more directly upon the future destinies of this country than the marriages of crowned heads in Portugal, the movements of savage forces in Russia, and similar proceedings to which we attach so much importance.

From "Russia," by a Manchester Manufacturer.

English Electioneering Anecdote.—"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as his valet appeared at his bedroom door, just as he was concluding his toilet; "all alive to-day, I suppose?"—"Reg'lar game, Sir," replied Mr. Weller; "our people's a collecting down at the Town Arms, and they're 'a hollering themselves hoarse already."—"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "do they seem devoted to their party, Sam?"—"Never see such dewotion in my life, Sir."—"Energetic, eh?" said Mr. Pickwick.—"Uncommon," replied Sam; "I never see men eat and drink so much afore. I wonder they an't afeer'd o' bustin."—"That's the mistaken kindness of the gentry here," said Mr. Pickwick.—"Werry likely," replied Sam, briefly.—"Fine fresh, hearty fellows they seem," said Mr. Pickwick, glancing from the window.—"Werry fresh," replied Sam; "me and the two waiters at the Peacock, has been pumpin over the independent woters as supped there last night."—"Pumping over independent voters!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.—"Yes," said his attendant, "every man slept vere he fell down; we dragged them out one by one, this mornin' and put 'em under the pump, and they are in a reg'lar fine order now. Shillin' a head the committee paid for that 'ere job."—"Can such things be!" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Pickwick.—"Lord bless your heart, Sir," said Sam, "why, where was you half babtized?—that's nothin,' that a'nt."—"Nothing?" said Mr. Pickwick.—"Nothin' at all, Sir," replied his attendant. "The night afore the last day o' the election here, the opposite party bribed the bar-maid at the Town Arms to hocus the brandy and water of fourteen unpolled electors as was a stoppin' in the house."—"What do you mean by 'hocussing' brandy and water?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.—"Puttin' lau'unm in it," replied Sam. "Blessed if she did not send'em all to sleep till 12 hours arter the election was over. They took one man up to the booth in a truck, fast asleep, by way of experiment, but it was no go—they wouldn't poll him; so they brought him back, and put him to bed again."—"Strange practices, these," said Mr. Pickwick. Memoirs of the Pickwick Club.

Another Victim.—Mr. Benjamin Carr, an indiscreet young bachelor of fifty, fell desperately in love whilst on board a North River steamboat, last week, with the very pretty infant,—fat, chubby and good natured—of a very pretty mother. He became so fascinated with the little responsibility, and its large, blue, laughing eyes—and with its mother's lady-like bearing, that he benevolently offered, on the boat's touching the wharf, to accompany the mother and carry the infant. She gratefully accepted his very polite offer, and giving him the child they proceeded towards the Bowery. On passing a shop, the lady complained of thirst, and asked Mr. Carr to wait at the door whilst she asked for a glass of water.

Mr. Carr did wait—but so did not the fair mother of the fair child. The shop had a sallyport, passing through which, the lady escaped into another street, and left the baby with the bachelor, seated on a coffee bag. Fatigued at last by delay, he inquired for the mother, but could not find her. It was then, as the romancers say, that "he began to realize the horrors of his situation." We need not detail them. Mr. Carr was very fleshy—the day was very warm—the almshouse was far distant—the Alderman of the Ward was at Hoboken—the child began to squall—Mr. Carr began to swing it to and fro, and whistle to it—a crowd began to assemble. * * * * In the evening Mr. Carr and his charge were on their way to Albany. The almshouse commissioners refused to receive the child, and Mr. Carr swears he will "never do another good natured thing so long as he lives." Boston Transcript.

Theatricals in the West Indies.—We have been favored with the sight of a letter from T. Rowe, Esq., Purser of H.M.S. Wasp, and late of Newton Bushell, as congenial a spirit as ever had his corporeal frame grilled under the fervid influence of the tropical sun.—"I am not black, but a good standing color; not exactly copper, but a decent brown, bordering on the mahogany. * * * You should have been at Jamaica about three months ago; they have a splendid theatre at Spanish Town, the capital of the Island; they performed the two following weeks while we were there, 'The Heir at Law' and the 'School of Reform.' Liston's son is a Lieutenant of the 8th or King's Own—he played *Doctor Pangloss* and *Mr. Ferment*; Emery's son, a fine gentlemanly fellow, a magistrate, and county inspector of police, played *Zekiel Homespun* and *Tyke*, his poor father's favorite characters; Fawcett's son is collector of customs, he played *Dick Dowlass* and *Lord Avondale.* Now is not this a strange coincidence. Emery and Fawcett have visited me, and I have met Liston at the 64th mess. Lieut. Liston is now home on leave; Emery is going to be married; Fawcett is spliced. At Antigua I met Pearman, of the English Opera; he dined with us two or three times, and gave us his best songs in good style—he married a West Indian lady."

A Brace of Incidents, which excited considerable sensation amongst those who witnessed them, occurred in our harbor on Saturday. The steamboat Rufus King was engaged to put the passengers on board the packet-ship Sheffield, bound for Liverpool, and tow the packet out. She had fastened alongside the packet, and the passengers were embarking, when just as one of the lady passengers was passing over the gang plank, from the wheel house, assisted by a gentleman, to get on board the ship, the engineer let off a blast of steam, which so frightened the lady that she fainted outright, and would have fallen from the plank into the water, but for the gentleman who was assisting her, who caught her in his arms; in doing which, however, he dropped from his hand into the stream a package containing over $100,000 in bills of exchange. He staid but to bid a reward for the recovery of the package, and lifting his fair insensible companion in his arms, carried her on board the packet; and almost by the time he had relanded on the steamboat, his package was delivered to his hand, safe and sound—with the exception of a ducking—a couple of gentlemen happened fortunately to be alongside in a small boat, and enabled easily to snatch the treasure from a watery destruction. Sun.

Six thousand five hundred dogs, according to the Journal of Commerce, have been killed and *paid for* in New York since the canine slaughter ordinance went into operation. We will venture to bet the Journal a leetle the fattest skin—and it shall not be everlasting fat either—that it ever did see, that more than two thirds of the inglorious six thousand five hundred departed, were not born dogs of New York. We believe it is susceptible of proof, that the dog killing ordinance has given vigor to the foreign trade, and that New York has been principally indebted for the object of its *bounty*, to our dear sister Connecticut—above whom be the heavens ever cloudless.

We put it to the Journal—not *dog*matically, but *cat*egorically—if it be not in possession of the facts—if it have not the ocular proof—that every day the steamboats from Sawpitt, Stamford, Norwalk, Bridgeport, New Haven, and all along the coast of Connecticut—bring deck loads of puppies, raised expressly for the New York market? The Journal, we apprehend, will not seriously deny the fact, although, as dog killing is the only athletic sport in which it indulges with *gusto*, it may not thank us for our uncalled for exposure of the sources whence the city is supplied with the game. Boston Transcript.

A gentleman having occasion to manure a certain portion of land lately, the carts bearing the manure passed through a field that appeared one entire bed of common thistles. It was observed that wherever the cart went, the thistles were entirely destroyed. He then rolled the whole field with a cast iron roller in the latter end of May, and twice in the beginning of June. This field has been perfectly free from thistles ever since. The expense was only three shillings per acre. Fern and closefoot had been exterminated in the same way with the most complete success. Scotch paper.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 8, 1836.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

The papers received by the John Taylor, are from Liverpool up to the 30th of August, and from London to the 29th of the same.

The most important news contained in these journals is the dissolution, on the 25th of August, of the French ministry, in consequence of a difference with the King on the question of a Spanish intervention. All the members retired except one. The King was opposed to intervention on the ground of a protest from the Northern Powers.

The condition of the Spanish people and government is wretched in the extreme, owing, no doubt, in a great measure to the undue and baneful influence exercised by the Catholic priesthood. Letters and papers received in London on the 28th of August, from Madrid, up to the 22d of the month, represent that capital as having been the scene of fresh military disturbances.

In the evening of the 16th, a report having been circulated that the first battalion of the 2d regiment of the Guards was hostile to the Constitution, the two battalions that had proclaimed it at San Ildefonso, together with the National Guards, took arms, and attacked them in their barracks. The soldiers from within returned the fire, without well knowing why they were attacked, and fourteen or fifteen persons were killed or wounded in the affray. On the next morning the soldiers of the two corps fraternised, and a reconciliation took place.

The Queen and her daughters seem to be entirely at the mercy of the rude soldiery. What will be the course of the Republicans, as they call themselves, we cannot conjecture, for we take it that Don Carlos is as little inclined to favor their views as those of the Queen's party. Their affairs have evidently arrived at a crisis, and a few days will show the result—for which we wait with some anxiety.

The following item contains an interesting reminiscence as touching the fate of a man identified with the history of the final battle of the last war.

Sir Edward Pakenham.—I parted with Sir E. Pakenham, at the corner of St. James's-square the day he started for his last command. On shaking hands I said, "We part now for the last time; I shall never see you again." He asked, "Why say so, what makes you a prophet of evil?" I replied, "I know you so well, that I feel confident you will not be able to hear the first shots fired without being in the affray; and you will be killed, I fear, foolishly." He knew the object I had in saying this, the feeling that dictated it, "That I shall fall is possible, but if I do, you even shall say I fell as a general, commanding in chief, ought to do." When his aide-de-camp, Col. Wyly, returned to England, he dined with me alone, that we might talk over the last acts of the life of our departed friend. In the front of a regiment which appeared to be failing in its duty, on horseback, with his hat off, he received his first wound, Feeling that he could not sit his horse he endeavored to dismount. In the act of lifting his right leg over the saddle, a second shot struck him a little above the groin. He fell dead and he kept his word. Mr. Guthrie's Clinical Lecture in the Medical Gazette.

Latest from Turkey.—We have news from Constantinople up to Aug. 3d, which gives a report, that an insurrection was discovered on the eve of breaking out, and it was suppressed with appalling severity.

A number of officers of high rank, among whom are generals and colonels, and other persons in office, and Ulemas, have suddenly disappeared, and, as it is said, within these few days, their bodies have been taken up out of the sea, tied two and two together by the feet. There is little doubt, taking other circumstances into consideration, that a cruel execution, probably by the Sultan's order, has taken place.

The Liverpool correspondent of the Star writes as follows under date of the 28th August, by a transient vessel. [The packet of the 1st is hourly expected].

Hackett and Mrs. Sharpe are here: *his* engagement expired on Friday night, when he took his benefit, and had a most tremendous house—the best for the season. Mrs. Sharpe appeared as Kate O'Brien in "Perfection." She gave two songs, and was "applauded to the very echo." She is an agreeable comedian, but we understand that her *forte* is tragedy. Of this we shall have opportunity to judge, as she and Hackett are engaged for two nights—to-morrow and Tuesday. She appears as Lady Macbeth to-morrow, and Mrs Haller on Tuesday. They sail for New York by the *England* on Thursday, the 1st of Sept. I believe George Jones sails in the same vessel.

The Orpheus arrived here the day before yesterday, bringing Miss Martineau. It appears a mere quiz, the report that she and Martin Van Buren were about getting married. Miss Martineau certainly will write a book about you. She has

—— "been among you taking notes,
And, faith,—she'll print them!"

Deputations from Madrid and Valencia have waited on the Queen Regent of Spain, at the former place, demanding that she shall ask the Cortes to impeach Isturiz and his colleagues. If impeached they will be condemned, and the least punishment will be exile for life. If they could have laid hold of them they would have murdered them: they thus served General Quesseda, near Madrid, August 15th.

Madrid is quiet. The inhabitants met to swear fidelity to the Constitution of 1812, on the 17th of August, and the Cortes are to meet on the 20th.

The new ministers are, to a man, staunch friends of General Mina.

It is supposed that there has been an insurrection at Naples. The King was to have visited London, but has hastily returned home. He is to marry Princess Clementine of Orleans, Louis Philippe's youngest daughter, with a fortune of six millions of francs.

The event of the week, is the ascent from Bayswater, near London, of the Duke Charles of Brunswick (the deposed Duke) in a balloon, with Mrs. Graham. They went up on Monday afternoon, remained in the air two hours, and descending too rapidly were thrown out of the car. The Duke was slightly, and Mrs. Graham so severely hurt, that premature labor came on, and she had a still born child. Her spine is injured.

Charles H. Webb, mine host formerly of Congress Hall, Broadway, has opened a superb establishment in Whitehall-street, under the popular cognomen of *Webb's Hotel*. The house is becoming vastly popular with fashionable people. Among the distinguished strangers now residing there, are Lord Francis Russell and other officers of H. B. M. frigate Belvidere, now lying in this harbor.

The Boston Morning Post and the Daily Herald of that city are getting savagerous. The Herald gives the following as the awful catastrophe that befel the unfortunate wight who attacked his cotemporary of the Post:—

"The editor came off victorious. but wanting the usual magnanimity of great men, instead of sparing the life of his enemy, he killed and ate him raw like a cannibal! He was afterwards seen picking his teeth with his cane, with as much complacency as ever a cat washed her face after devouring a mouse."

As a set off to the paragraph above, the Post remarks:—

"When Greek meets Greek," &c.—The editor of the Herald has had a regular fight with a louse, and, according to his account of the contest, came off victorious! Honor to the brave!

And here the Post hits him again:—

The "Neuter Gender" of the Herald talks of going "in stays;" just as proper for him *under the peculiar circumstances*, as pantaloons.

The following brief satire is translated from a native gazette, written (not printed) at Delhi. It describes an European dinner:

"The gentlemen of exalted dignity had a great feast last night, to which all the military chiefs and lieutenants were invited. There was a little hog on the table before Mr. ———, who cut it in small pieces, and sent some to each of the party, even the women ate of it. Having stuffed themselves with the unclean food and many sorts of flesh, and taken plenty of wine, they made for some time a great noise, which doubtless arose from drunkenness. They all stood up two or four times, crying hip! hip! and then roared before they drank more wine."

Uncle Jo's ideas flow much faster than he can find words to express them, which oftentimes occasion a most ambiguous style of expression, in his manner of relating a story. Going one day into his field, he found his neighbor's pigs enjoying a fine revel among the pumpkins—a part of a Yankee's property which he will by no means permit to be wasted. Driving them from the field, each of them bolted through the fence with a share of plunder from the pumpkin bed. After effecting an ejectment of the trespassers from his premises, he hastened to the house to tell his helpmate of his disaster, and expressed himself in the manner and form following:—

"Wife, wife," said he, "John Downs' field got into my pigs, and when I drove them, the pumpkins went through the devil with a pig in their mouths, as though the fence was after them, and a post tumbled over me, and I'm e'en jest dead."

Maria Monk.—The editor of the Commercial Advertiser who for some time believed the monstrous lies of this abandoned character, has been lately at Montreal, and accepted an invitation to examine the convent, the scene of the alleged enormities. The result, we hear has been his most entire conviction of the falsehood of her tales, and the promise in a few days to lay the facts before the public.

A Young Jockey.—John Day who made a successful debut at the Goodwood races, is only 13 years of age.

The Stocks.—Notwithstanding the prophecies of the wiseacres and the green horns, our city stocks keep time with every thing else, and are going up day after day at a steady and secure pace. When the *smash* comes there will be a quick stepping back among the dabblers, but the big fish will hold on 'till the storm is over. Take heed, young uns.

"Don't Touch that Gun, Billy."—A son of green Erin, who had tipped his little finger once too often, was yesterday surrounded near the Park by a mob of tatterdemalion boys, with all manner of trickeries, when he snatched a whip from the hand of a coachee, and with a few *dexterous* cuts, "considerably enlarged the circle of his acquaintance," as Tom Hood would say.

Speculations Up-town.—What is the world coming to?—Is there to be no end of speculations in real estate? Three years ago, and we were very sagely told, "Look out how you buy vacant lots up-town," where, had we invested a few hundred dollars, we should now have had as many thousands. And is it not the same thing now?—Is not the city pushing up the island faster than ever? Are not the out-of-town lots valued at half their real worth? Just think of a vacant lot making a certain return of 10 per cent., merely from a steady rise in the market value.

The story that is going the rounds of the papers, relating to the flare-up between two distinguished histrionic gentles, is quite all a *bam*. There was a little cocking of the thumbs, and some crowing *a la chanticleer*, but explanations followed, and all was made up, though the single buskin assured the married buskin of his belief in the truth of the declaration, that "more water glideth by the mill than wots the miller of."

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

The Park.—We have had the Keeleys all this week at the Park, and it does them great credit to have been able to fill the house as they have done. We can say but little more than we have already said of their style and perfection therein. We commend them to our contemporaries of other cities, as the finished representatives of a line of characters almost new on our stage in the hands of *stars*.

Mademoiselle Augusta has danced once during the week, for the benefit of Miss Horton. By the way, we had not the pleasure of hearing Miss H. in Amina, which she took for her benefit. We were fearful the contrast between her and Mrs. Wood would be too great, and that she would more for that than any other reason fail. But according to the *Star*, her success was complete. We were much gratified at hearing this.

If Mlle. Augusta should take a benefit next week, the admirers of graceful dancing, and of a very lovely woman, must all turn out. She has no rival in the country.

The *Maid of Cashmere* was brought out at the National on Monday, in splendid style. The singing and dancing was capital, and the managers fully redeemed their pledge by getting it up with every attraction a heavy outlay could effect. Morley and Plumer acquitted themselves to the general satisfaction of a house crammed to the ceiling. A correspondent speaks in becoming terms of the other artists, in the communication subjoined. The Courier of Monday contains the following notice of the Opera:—

The circumstances which originally led to the production of this piece, are somewhat singular. It was the result of a conspiracy, set on foot at Paris, for the purpose of injuring the professional reputation of the celebrated dancer, Taglioni, and of exalting a rival *danseuse*, named Duverne. The prime movers of the cabal, were the director of the ballet of the Royal Academy, a personal enemy of Taglioni, and the celebrated musical composer, Auber, an ardent admirer of her rival.

The time chosen for carrying the conspiracy into effect, was during a long absence of Taglioni, on a professional engagement out of France. The conspirators set to work, and between them, produced "The Maid of Cashmere." The excitement occasioned by the production of this piece, on the musical and dancing world of Paris, can scarcely be imagined; nothing was thought or spoken of but Auber's music and Duverne's dancing.

The opera ran through the season with undiminished attraction, until the return of the enchantress Taglioni at once dissipated the charm which had held the Parisians spell-bound. Her first appearance on the stage was fatal to the short-lived celebrity of Duverne; Auber and his coadjutor were defeated in their main object; but though the motive that actuated them was unsuccessful, their labor was not altogether profitless. The whole musical world paid a willing tribute to the fascinating production of Auber's master mind, which lost nothing in comparison with the last of his works, Masaniello and Fra Diavolo.

The London managers, with their accustomed enterprise, made the amplest and most expensive arrangements for the production of the opera, at Drury Lane Theatre, Duverne was engaged at great cost, and Madame Augusta, the same lady who is now engaged at the Park theatre, played the second *rate*, and appeared as Fatima, the same part which is to be performed by Madame Trust at the National. The success of the piece was as complete in London as it had been in Paris, and its performance only ceased with the close of the season.

☞ A Bachelor of well known musical acquirements and taste, and who, we take it, is a "most devoted" of Miss Watson's, has sent us a long notice of the new opera at the National. We give a few paragraphs:—

We know not which to admire most, the *ærial*, we had almost said *celest-ial*, dancing of Celeste, or the enchanting strains of Miss Watson, in some of the most difficult music (though delightfully pleasing) ever written by Auber. Her singing was pure, chaste, and brilliant; she possesses the power of executing a rapid combination of notes, with exquisite precision, and never loses sight of that indispensable requisite in a finished singer—viz., *distinct articulation*. Taking into consideration her youth, she is decidedly without her equal here, or, perhaps, in Europe. [Miss W. owes him a kind look at least for the above pretty paragraph.] We confidently predict, that when this young lady shall have opened into womanhood, we shall have the satisfaction of beholding another gratifying instance of the development of talent, as was the case with Malibran. *She* came among us young; her dormant talent was discovered, like an *opening bud* in the valley, modestly bending its fragrant head; and like a vivifying sun, the American public warmed it into life, and now it appears on the summit of the hill, a *rose full blown*, the pride and admiration of all. [If the writer gets not a kiss for the above, as Dogberry says, "he is not the man we take him for."] We are of opinion, that when the musical department of the National theatre is further strengthened by the talents of Mrs. Watson, whose splendid voice and admirable singing must always leave her without a rival, unless Malibran or Mrs. Wood were to return to us, that establishment need not succumb in the higher walks of opera to *any* other, be their stars who they may.

This piece has been repeated nightly, and is drawing immense houses. It will undoubtedly run fifty nights.

There are are people who would say we were partial and prejudiced had we written the annexed paragraph, instead of Maj. Noah, of the Evening Star, in which paper it appeared last Monday:—

Theatres.—The benefit for the sufferers of the Bowery theatre took place at the Park on Saturday evening, and was well filled only—the same bill would have produced $400 more on any other occasion, which is not saying much for the charity of our audience. Dinneford, of the Franklin, who is a sterling fellow, sent the following to the late Stage-manager of the ill-fated Bowery:—

New York, Sept. 24, 1836.

My Dear Sir,—Through you, permit me to offer to the ladies and gentlemen of the Bowery theatre, who have so severely suffered by its late destruction—a benefit at the Franklin theatre. I would suggest that it should take place as early as Wednesday next. Favor me with an immediate interview, that we may arrange matters to produce a gratifying result.

Yours, very truly, W. DINNEFORD.

H. B. Harrison, Esq.

Some night this week, probably Wednesday, will be fixed for the purpose.

We publish the following letter with the greatest pleasure. Mr. Simpson has acted nobly on the occasion, and so have the members of the Park company, who relinquished their night's salary to aid their unfortunate brethren. The amount of about twenty dollars, the nightly charge for light, was also liberally surrendered by the Gas Company, who deserve the thanks of the parties.

Theatre, Oct. 3d, 1836.

Gentlemen,—Permit me to forward the receipts of the night appropriated for the benefit of the sufferers by the late fire at the Bowery theatre, $1037 75. It gives me pleasure to add, that the members of this establishment volunteered their services on the occasion gratuitously, and that the Gas Company kindly remitted their usual nightly charge. I remain, gentlemen, your's respectfully,

E. SIMPSON.

Messrs. Morris, Noah, and Ogden.

This was a *free benefit* in every respect. The above are the *whole receipts* of Saturday evening; not a farthing being charged either for rent, printing, or any other expense. After the benefit at the Franklin theatre, we presume the managers of the National theatre will also volunteer a night, in as liberal a manner as the management of the Park has done.

At a shop in London, a bill is exhibited in the window, stating, that "a boy is wanted *which* understands the boot and shoe making *baseness*."

The Boston editors, one and all, are superlatively entranced with Miss Clifton. She is playing to immense houses. We expected great things of her in Boston, for the Morning Post stated last week that the young men were all getting their hair curled in anticipation of her debut!

The Centinel and Gazette of Tuesday morning remarks to this effect:—

☞ *Miss Clifton* fully realised the high anticipation of the public in *Bianca* last night. She was enthusiastically received by a large audience, and made what may be truly called, in theatrical parlance, a decided *hit*. She is indeed a magnificent lady in her personal appearance, while her acting is distinguished by the exhibition of a brilliant genius and exquisite taste. In the last act Miss C. performed with tremendous power, and with an effect which we never saw equalled except by Miss Kemble. The applause at the fall of the curtain was long, loud, and rapturous.

The Atlas of the same morning says of Miss C.:—

She is an exceeding clever actress, and a woman of brilliant personal beauty. Her figure is tall, but graceful; her face is full of expression, her reading is accurate, and her conception of character seems to be just and discriminating.—She was well received by a full house, and the curtain fell amid the cheers of the audience.

We have not room for half the fine things said and sung of our fair young countrywoman. The Morning Post, in a handsome notice says of Miss C. that "she is the most beautiful and lovely unmarried lady upon the stage."

Addams, Oxley and Miss Riddle are playing at Pittsburg, with Wemyss.

Burton, the "great gun" of the Philadelphians in comedy, and of "The Knickerbocker" in whatever pertains to dramatic literature, is showing off before the Baltimoreans.

Ludlow and Smith close their St. Louis theatre on the last week of the present month, after a very profitable season, and open at Mobile on the first week in Nov. Their *new* theatre at St. Louis will be opened on the 1st of June next, and will undoubtedly be the largest and handsomest in the South or West, except the St. Charles theatre at New Orleans.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Nosological.—Joey Nosey was very musical in his sleep. He had a nose, if not an ear, for music. In fact the former appendage was a "most excellent vocal instrument" at home or at church, but as the deacon once said his serenades were not very acceptable to his peculiarly sensitive and better half. "Huz! huz, mercy sake wake up! you'll blow your brains out—wake up!"—"Hey, wife!"—"You've knocked the tongs down with your nose—and set the child crying. You snore wretchedly—dy'e know it."—"No, I snore, I don't"—"Pshaw open your eyes, you don't know what you're doing or saying," "I snore, wife, I do." Nashville Eagle.

The following trick worthy of a Yankee, is somewhat similar to the crossed correspondence carried on between American editors on the margins of exchange papers: "Some person writing to a friend in Dublin, he directed the newspaper to 'William *Shawl-safe Got-letter* Humby, Esq.," which, as it might or might not be a name, could not be charged."

Desecration.—The Whitehaven Herald speaking of a steamboat which has been put on the beautiful lake of Ulswater, says:—

"Steam on Ulswater! What an abomination! Like 'Buy Warren's Blacking,' chalked on the Parthenon."

There is to be a column of granite erected to the memory of Napoleon in his native town of Corsica. It is to be surmounted by a statue similar to that in the Place Vendome, at Paris. Louis Philippe and the Duke of Orleans head the subscription. The Council General of Corsica have voted 300,000 francs, and that of the Seine 5000 francs.

The grouse shooting season, which begins in August, has collected this year vast numbers of sportsmen at Liverpool, which from the cheapness and facility of reaching it by steam from Ireland, Scotland and Wales, has become a half way house. The hotels were crowded with these gentlemen and their ponies, dogs, guns, and grooms. Among them Mr. Walker, of Doncaster, had a sporting carriage of new construction, the body of which is a boat which can readily be detached. The oars are carried under the body. In this the owner can drive to the lakes, go out in his boat, and return back in it by land on wheels.

Speculation.—The Green Bay Democrat states that Mr. D. Whitney sold 13 hundred acres of land on the west side of Fox river, opposite Green Bay, for $20,000. It rose immediately to $90,000, and is thought to be worth $500,000! Mr. Whitney has lost money; the tract cost him about $50. Who can beat this?

Lieut. Randolph.—"A Texan officer" contradicts, in the New Orleans Bee of the 21st ult., the statement made in that paper a few days before, that the Lieut. Randolph who commands the Texan schooner Terrible, is the same Lieut. Randolph who insulted the president, and very narrowly escaped getting well threshed for his pains. *His* name is Robert B. that of the Texan commander is Alexander A.

A man was indicted lately in England for stealing a ham. The officer who apprehended him, stated that the prisoner said he had stolen the ham for the purpose of being prosecuted and transported, as he was *tired of living with his wife*. The jury found the plea *insufficient*, and the man was *acquitted*.

Vice in a kiss.—The Moral Reformer at Boston, is out against the "little couplets in peppermint horns and kisses" as being pernicious in their moral tendency.

Extraordinary Outrage in Open Court.—At York assizes on Thursday during the examination of a witness on a criminal prosecution, a large cat in a very infuriated state, rushed from the Court upon the court table—it next jumped on the bench, and after attempting to pay a visit to the jury, it made a rapid descent on the head of one of the learned counsel, inflicting a scratch upon his forehead with its claws. This outrage was the signal for a general movement among the "profession." The felon intruder regardless of all dignity and decorum, dashed anew among the briefs upon the table—from thence it made its way into the crier's box, and almost instantly quitted the court. It was some minutes before business was resumed, the learned judge and every one in court being convulsed with laughter.

The quiet citizens of Litchfield, Conn., were perfectly horrified a short time since, by the supposed discovery of a "dreadful murder," perpetrated at that place, but which has very untowardly, for the lovers of the horrible, turned out a hoax, the "unfortunate victim" having robbed, if not murdered himself. The Hartford Times thus withdraws the veil from before this terrible mystery:—

"It appears that Knapp had lived unhappily with his wife, and having been for some time closing up his affairs, for the purpose of going to Michigan, he *broke open and robbed his own trunk, cut a hole through the top of his hat, and besmeared it with blood*, and then placing his trunk and hat in a lonely and unfrequented spot, as indubitable evidence of his having been "most horribly" murdered, he ran away with a pretty girl in the neighborhood, leaving his wife and children "to mourn his sudden and untimely exit," while he is taking a pleasure voyage to Michigan with his new 'lady-love.'"

Legal Nonsense.—A man was indicted at the late Bedford Assizes for stealing a fowl, but as the bird stolen was a pea-fowl, the jury, on the direction of the judge, acquitted the prisoner!

At the late assizes, Mr. Platt put the following question to a witness in the Nisi Prius Court:—"Didn't you come to Maidstone this morning, upon your oath?" Answer—"No; I came on horseback?"

A Stout Company.—Observing the unusually thin ranks of the Light corps this morning, a friend said it reminded him of an Infantry company "in the town he came from," which, after choosing officers and filling up vacancies, at the April meeting, had but *one* private. He was a good soldier, and the very life of his comrades—all there were of them. At May Training, after muster was over, he was asked by a facetious fellow—how the Company "got along" during the day. "Oh! grandly, grandly when in line, but when I had to form into sections, it strained me terribly!" Boston Transcript.

A Solemn Warning.—The subjoined is from the Philadelphia Commercial Herald—"According to the Cincinnati Mirror, a man was hanged lately in a neighboring State, for burglary and murder, confessed under the gallows that his career of crime began by stopping a newspaper without paying for it. If all who were guilty of that first crime, closed their career in a similar manner, executions would be of daily occurrence in every city and village from Maine to Florida, where newspapers are printed.

The late Earl of ———, of pompous notoriety and parsimonious celebrity, superintended personally the produce of his dairy, and not unfrequently sold the milk to the village children with his own hands. One morning, a pretty little girl presented her penny and pitcher to his lordship for milk. Pleased with the appearance of the child, he patted her on the head, and gave her a kiss—"Now," said he, "my pretty lass, you may tell as long as you live, that you have been kissed by an earl."—"Ah! but," replied the child, "*you took the penny though.*"

Logic Class—*Chip of the Old Block.*—As a specimen of the past utility of the Logic Class in the University of Edinburgh, an anecdote is current, in which the son of a facetious baronet, whose residence is not five miles from town, acted a part worthy of his descent. He was called up by the worthy professor of the time, and asked the notable question, "Can a man see without eyes?"—"Yes, Sir," was the prompt answer. "How, Sir?" cried the amazed professor "can a man see without eyes? Pray, Sir, how do you make that out?" "He can see with *one*, Sir," replied the ready-witted youto; and the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.

Compliment.—A dull father had a very bright little son. After exhibiting him to a gentleman one day, he said, "Don't you think the lad is almost a miracle?" "Yes, indeed," returned the visitor, "he is quite *above par*" (Pa).

Sporting Intelligence.

NEW YORK J. C. RACES, UNION COURSE.

The First Fall meeting of the N. Y. Jockey Club commenced on Tuesday, under circumstances the most inauspicious. The weather was miserably cold and rainy, and the only race on the first day came off during a violent north-east storm. Great was the wonder among friends and acquaintances at finding each other in attendance. "A beggarly account of empty boxes" was anticipated on all hands, but nevertheless, the public stand was nearly full, the Ladies' Pavillion not entirely vacant, and the Club Stand better filled than could have been expected.

The sport was meagre, and the single race that did come off was of "no account," as they say at the West. We annex the report:—

First Day, Oct. 4, 1836. Match, Two mile heats, $5000 a-side, h. ft. Mr. John C. Stevens' ch. f. *Fanti*, by Henry, out of Janette, full sister to Sir Charles, received forfeit from Mr. Robt. Tillotson's ch. c. *Coronet*, by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.

Same Day. Produce Stakes, for 3 yr. olds, 86 lbs. Sub., $300, ft., $100. Two mile heats. Five subs.

Robt. L. Stevens' s. c. *Henry Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh, ... (rode by *Leonard Sickles*) 1 1
John C. Stevens' b. c. *Borodino*, by Henry, out of Romp 2 2
Time, 4:3—2d, 4:16. Track heavy.

The odds were 100 to 40 on Borodino before the start, and from that price rose to 100 to 25, after the signal to "lead up." Henry Moore had the track, and won the first heat easily. The odds were now reversed, and the winner backed at 100 to 20; a few bets were made at 100 to 10. They got away for the 2d heat exactly neck and neck, but Henry Moore had the race all his own way, and finally came in near two lengths a-head, Borodino sadly punished the whole last quarter.

Owing to the continuance of the storm, and the wretched state of the track, the race, Two mile heats, up for Wednesday, was postponed.

Third Day, Oct. 6.—The weather to-day was bleak and cold, but the numerous spectators on the Course were well repaid for their attendance. First in order came off the race for the

Proprietor's Purse, $500. Three mile heats, free for all ages.

H. Walkes' (H. Wilke's) ro. f. *Gypsey*, own sister to Medoc, 4 yrs. 101 lbs.......... (*Gilbert Patrick*) 1 2 1
John H. Coster's s. h. *Ajax*, by Barefoot, dam by Duroc, 5 years, 114 lbs.......... 4 3 2
John C. Stevens' b. m. *Clara Howard*, by Barefoot out of Alarm, 5 yrs. 111 lbs.......... 3 1 dis.
Thomas Pearsall's s. c. *Reindeer*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress, 4 yrs. 104 lbs .... 2 dis.
Time, 1st heat, 6:17—2d, 6:16½—3d, 6:27. Clara Howard broke down.

The track was very heavy, and throughout the day the wind was piercing. The current odds were 3 to 1 on Clara Howard against the field. Gypsey had the track and Clara the outside. They got away pretty well together, Gypsey and Reindeer making play for the heat, which the former won by a saddle-girth. Clara never made an effort for it; Ajax, however, went up on the second mile and "try'd it on"—immediately "shut up," and gallopped past the distance flag in the wake of Clara.

Clara's backers were firm after the heat, and her jockey, (Alfred Sandford), was sure he could win the money if she did not break down. Gypsey blowed a little, but before the signal to saddle, had fully recovered her wind, and reminded us more of *Trifle* than any filly we have seen this many a day.

Gypsey led the field the second heat for a mile and a half, when Clara went up and lapped her. Gil. Patrick, (the jockey of Post Boy in his match with Bascomb) was wide awake, however, and kept his place in front, though not without Gypsey's feeling his "armed heels." Ajax, on the third mile, manœuvred for a good place, but the two mares gave him no chance for that or to make a brush. Reindeer was already tailed off a great way, having been managed wrong from the start; the result was that he was "no where" at the finish. Sandford rode Clara admirably, and won the heat out of the fire between the gate and the stand, by a head and neck, though not without severe punishment.

It was the opinion of a few that Reindeer was inside the distance flag when the winning horse had passed the stand. However, the Judges decided otherwise, and his owner, of course, submitted. Clara came out lame this heat, and her rider said her off fore leg gave way on the last mile. After rubbing she appeared so much better that Mr. Stevens determined to start her again. Ajax was comparatively fresh, not having made a positive struggle, and the betting was confined to him and Gypsey, the latter the favorite.

After two foul starts they got off, and Gil. Patrick at once set to work with Gypsey, and gave her no respite. Ajax brushed her repeatedly, but only mended her pace without lessening the gap between them. After the first mile Clara became so lame that even bets were offered she would be distanced. Sandford pulled her up on the back stretch in the third mile, and got off; she was then so lame as to be hardly able to hobble to her stable. Gypsey beat off Ajax a long way in the last mile, and passed the winning post several lengths ahead.

Immediately after the main race came off a

Produce Stakes, for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old; sub. $300, h. ft.. Two mile heats, 86 and 83 lbs. Ten subscribers.

Charles Green's b. c. *Manhattan*, by Henry, out of a Filho mare, ... (*George Nelson*) 2 1 1
John C. Stevens' ch. f. *Fanti*, by Henry, out of Janette.......... 1 2 dis.
Time, 1st heat, 4:14—2d, 4:23—3d, 4:23½. Winner the favorite.

By some hocus pocus, little Johnny Rowlett got astride of Manhattan the first heat, and the wonder is how he ever brought back his horse to the post. Manhattan is a large powerful colt, and his rider happened to be a very pigmy, though "a broth of a boy" for all that. When tilted into the saddle he looked for all the world like a dressed monkey on the hand-organ of a "wandering minstrel."—Manhattan got sadly pulled and hauled about by this youngster, and came very near falling at the finish of the first heat, which he ought to have won. The little game chicken, Charles Van Pelt, rode Fanti in fine style. He's not bigger than a pair of tongs, but what there is of him is "clear grit."

Manhattan was still greatly the favorite, and having now got George Nelson on his back, soon began to tell another "guess sort of story." George held him together, and kept him steadily at his work, jockeying him throughout like an artist. The result was that Fanti was beaten off two or three lengths the second heat and distanced the third.

Fourth Day, Oct. 7. The day was beautiful, and an immense concourse of people assembled on the course, to witness the contest between *Post Boy* and *Mingo*, the rivals for supremacy at the North. The result was "a lame and impotent conclusion," as the following record attests:—

Jockey Club Purse, $1000. Four mile heats. Free for all ages.

S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. *Mingo*, out of Bay Bett, by Thornton's Rattler, 5 yrs. old, 114 lbs .... (*Jack*) walked over.

Buckley, the day previous, was apologizing for Post Boy, and he may be thankful if his employer accepts his own. On Wednesday last, Post Boy discovered symptoms of "the scratches," when his trainer (Buckley) prepared for him a decoction of white-oak bark. Instead, however, of superintending it personally, he intrusted the application of it to the stable boys, and the result, as might reasonably have been anticipated, was, that they soaked his legs with a decoction, which, some one remarked, was "as hot as Tophet, and strong as Prussic acid." The upshot of the operation was, that poor Post Boy's legs were shockingly blistered, and this morning were swelled to an elephantine size. By this culpable negligence, not less than seven or eight thousand persons were shamefully disappointed, and the reputation of the horse jeopardized. And more; heavy sums, P. P., were staked upon the issue of the race, and as Post Boy was duly entered on the Thursday evening previous, and the entry was published in all the morning papers of Friday, the public had no reason to anticipate a disappointment. If it was known on Friday morning that Post Boy was not to start, and most assuredly it was known to his owners, notice to that effect should have been posted up forthwith at the New York and Brooklyn Ferries by the Proprietors. They were not *obliged* to know, if you please, whether either entry would start, but they undoubtedly *did* know, in the present instance, that Post Boy was seriously amiss, and would not start, as did more than a dozen other individuals, and the utmost currency should have been given to the fact. We should not allude to the circumstance in so strong terms, but that this is merely a repetition of a farce enacted at the First Spring meeting, where, as in the present case, thousands of gentlemen left their business, and rode ten miles into the country to see Post Boy and Mingo run, and were told, *after they got to the track*, that "Post Boy is drawn!" In justice to the Bropriețors, it should be remarked, however, that a written notice of Post Boy's withdrawal *was* pinned up at the Ticket Office, *on the course*, so that gentlemen had an opportunity of saving their half dollars—by riding ten miles home again. Great numbers were deterred from attending from the doubts expressed of Post Boy's starting, and it was a question asked by hundreds in town before 10 o'clock, and by almost every one at the Ferries, "Do you think Post Boy *will* go?"

These remarks are made without the slightest ill-feeling toward the Proprietors, who are gentlemen for whom we entertain the highest respect. Our regard for their interests, we trust, has been pretty thoroughly demonstrated, and we have the vanity to believe we "have done the State some service." As the meeting cannot have been a profitable one, it would have appeared really magnanimous in the Proprietors, to have given notice that there would be no race for the four mile purse, and the effect "in the long run," to use a homely phrase, would have been greatly to their advantage.

Proprietors' Purse, $300. Two mile heats, free for all ages.

Samuel Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. m. *Azalia*, by Mambrino, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs. 111lbs.......... (*Jack*) 1 1
T. Jones' (J. T. Bache's) s. m. *Lady Jane*, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs. 111lbs.......... 2 3
Robt. L. Stevens' s. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, 5 yrs. 114lbs.......... 3 2
John C. Stevens' (G. H. Coster's) s. h. *Cadmus*, by Eclipse, out of Di Vernon, 5 yrs. 114lbs.......... 4 dis
J. S. Snedecor's s. h. *Duke*, by Eclipse, dam by ——, 4 yrs. 104lbs.. 5 dis
Daniel Abbott's s. m. *Shepherdess*, by Lance, dam by ——, 4 yrs. 101lbs.......... 6 dis
John Drew's (J. Holmes') br. h. *Stranger*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by ——, 6 yrs. 121lbs., from breaking his bridle, was.......... dis.

Time: 1st heat, 3:55¾—2d, 3:54½, as reported by the Judges; though several gentlemen reported it 3:57—3:56. This disparity arose mainly from the fact that the official Timer of the race set his chronometer from the tap of the drum, (the signal to go,) while the other gentlemen set theirs from the instant the leading horse passed the starting post. As the drum was not tapped in either heat until the leading horse had got off from ten to fifteen yards, the difference is thus accounted for. As we have never recorded such a fraction hitherto, as three quarters of a second, we deem it as well to state, that the Timer apprised the Judges and the Club, that "it was rather a *scant* three quarters!"

Azalia had the pole, and led off from the score with Lady Jane on her flank, the other five going as if fearful that they might tire one another; the pace, however, was not very distressing, though "not slow," when the state of the track is considered. The first attempt to start was a *faux pas*, and the boys were called back; on the second, which was no better, the rider of Stranger, in anticipation of a recall, gave a pull at his horse's head, and unfortunately the bits parted, so that he rode the heat without a bridle. He grappled the stay of the martingale, however, and it must be confessed, "went it with a perfect looseness" until some of the spectators stopped his horse and released him from his perilous situation.—On the second mile Tom Moore came out of the crowd, in front, but maintained his stride a few yards only, leaving the two mares to contest the heat, which Azalia won by a length, the field just dropping within the distance.

The second heat was won with ease by Azalia, after a very pretty brush with Lady Jane in the first mile and Tom Moore in the second. Cadmus having split his foot last week, was in no condition to start, and few were disappointed when he broke down. At the finish Duke was emphatically "no where," and if Shepherdess did not mend her pace, it is somewhat doubtful whether she has yet got round to the post. It was stated that the last two were out of order and were merely entered to make sport. At any rate, they enjoyed it so much as to keep the fun all to themselves. Thus ended the First Fall Meeting of the New York Jockey Club.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE.

After the race on the Union Course, the company adjourned to the Trotting Course. We have seldom seen a greater number in attendance. The stands were crowded like three in a bed in the Dog Days.

Oct. 7, 1836.—Sweepstakes, Three mile heats, under the saddle; sub. $500 with $200 added by the Proprietor; 146 lbs. each.

Joel Conklin's b. g. *Dutchman*.......... 1 1
Geo. Spicer's b. g. *Columbus*.......... 2 3
W. Moore's gr. m. *Lady Warrington*.......... 3 2
Time, 1st heat, 8:12—2d, 8:5½.

Lady Warrington would be a customer of "the worst kind," but she *will* break up. She has the foot of Dutchman a short distance and under the saddle, but in harness cannot put him up. He is as honest and true a horse as we ever saw.—He broke up but once—(in the 1st mile)—while the other two were off their feet constantly.

RODOLPH AND ANGORA.

The Kentuckians are mightily tickled at the result of the late match, and their newspapers are full of details. We have not a correct report among the lot.—The Lexington "Observer and Reporter" has the following article on the subject:—

The great contest between Kentucky and Tennessee, in the great match race between Rodolph and Angora, for $5000 aside, came off over the Oakland Course, Louisville, on Wednesday the 21st inst. The excitement produced by this contest has never heretofore been equalled in the West, and consequently the betting was very heavy. It was understood that both horses were in fine order. The odds, if any, for some time previous to the day of the race, were in favor of the Tennessee mare; but on the day of the races Kentucky's favorite was freely backed, and odds were given on him before starting. Great sport was anticipated from the fact that both parties were entirely confident of success, and fine time was expected, notwithstanding the track had been rendered very heavy from rain for several days before. In this, however, the spectators were greatly disappointed, the *Kentuckian* deciding the race at one heat, in 8:56, beating the Tennessee mare more than a distance.

We have been informed, as to the manner in which the race was run, that the mare took the track at starting, and kept it for nearly two miles, running the 1st mile in 1:56; but when near the end of the second mile the horse passed her, and distanced her under a hard pull. The time in which the race was run, so far as Rodolph is concerned, is no evidence of his power and fleetness. Had the mare been able to keep him at his work, we have no doubt that Rodolph could have run every mile as quick as he did the first, which would have made the race in *seven minutes forty-four seconds.* We are informed that such was the exhaustion of Rodolph's rider, from pulling his horse, that he fainted and fell from his horse so soon as he closed the race.

Thus has terminated a race that has produced more excitement, more interest, and of course heavier betting than any that has ever taken place in our State.—'Old Kentuck' is hard to beat at anything. We guess the Tennesseans begin to think so, too. But if they are not satisfied, it is an easy matter to try the thing over, with any animal their State can boast of.

True, and Tennessee *will* "try the thing over." The defeat will stir up her breeders, and her trainers will try a new *wrinkle*. Her blooded stock is not surpassed, and her trainers and jockies "bang Banagher, and Banagher bangs the Devil."

In all probability *Rodolph* will accept the banter of *John Bascomb*, recently published "*By Authority*" in the Spirit of the Times. Some of the newspapers report among other bits of chaff, "that Rodolph was bought when a colt for $150!" By the time the paragraph gets into Maine they will strike off the remaining cypher. It was first printed $1500, we presume. A Boston paper states that

"*Two hundred thousand dollars* changed hands on the result, and the owner of the Tennessee horse is reported to have lost the trifling sum of $40,000."

Vel, vot of it? "The owner of the Tennessee horse" happens to be a *Mississippian*, and had he lost $100,000, would merely have anticipated the yearly receipt of his Cotton crop. The loss of $44,000 isn't a *priming* to his annual *load*. The Tennesseans are said to have lost $200,000! But what of that?—They'll make it up in six months at the "soft places." The loss of twice the sum they don't mind a circumstance—no, not the shake of a cow's thumb!

Mr. Randolph's Stud will be sold at auction at the Brick Tavern, Charlotte C. H., Va., commencing on the 23d Nov. A credit on all purchases will be given until 1st July, 1837. The Stock is highly valuable, and will be sold positively to the highest bidder.

REPLY OF PYTHIAS TO MORRIS.

The following challenge—or what is very like it—appeared in this paper of last Saturday:—

Challenge to Pythias for $1000 or $2000!

Salem, *Bottetourt*, Va., Sept. 16, 1836.

To the Editor of the New-York Spirit of the Times.

Dear Sir,—I sent you for publication between the 15th and 20th of August, a challenge from MORRIS to PYTHIAS, four mile heats, for $1000 or $2000, which I have never seen noticed in your paper. Yours respectfully,

WILEY J. STRATTON.

The challenge was to run over the Washington Course the Monday preceding the Fall Meeting. W. J. S.

Mr. James B. Kendall, of Baltimore, the owner of *Pythias*, writes us in substance as follows, under date of 2d Oct.:—

"I have observed intimations in several of your late papers, that Mr. W. J. Stratton had challenged, or was about to challenge, my horse *Pythias*, to run four mile heats over the Washington Course, with his horse *Morris*. Had this challenge been given when the discussion of *The Captain's* race commenced, I should undoubtedly have accepted it; but Pythias has since received an injury in one of his hind hoofs by kicking, which threw him out of training for three weeks, and he is still out of condition, as the report of the Jefferson Races will shew. He could not win the two mile day there, although the 1st heat was run in 4:6—the 2d in 4:3, and the 3d in 4m. [if we decypher Mr. K.'s chirography aright.] He was in a very bad way after the race, either from the effects of the limestone water, or some cause unknown. However, he will be at the Washington Races, and if he is himself, perhaps Mr. Stratton may be gratified with an inside stake; but at present, I do not feel disposed to back a horse known to be out of condition.

"I am at a loss to know what Messrs. Oliver and Stratton mean by their assertion that *Pythias* was "no where" in the race last Spring with *Monmouth, The Captain*, etc., etc. He was the contending horse for the 3d heat, and beaten not half a length at that, in 3:50. He was afterwards ruled out as not having won one heat in the three. The 17th Article of the Rules of the National Club, reads:—

"A horse that shall not win a heat in three heats, shall not be entitled to start for a fourth; but a horse thus drawn shall not be declared distanced, and all bets on the distance of such nag shall be void."

"Respectfully, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JAMES B. KENDALL."

Trenton Races.—We are desired to state that the Sweepstake for all ages, and the Poststake for three yrs. old, the latter announced for the second day, will come off on the first day, that is, the 1st of November. The races will continue but three days instead of four, as on Friday an important election takes place in New Jersey.

Broad Rock, Va.—We are without a full report of the meeting from our correspondents, and the Richmond papers have published no report.

Ironette won the two mile day; Mr. Puckett's nomination won the Post Stake of $1000, sub.; Col. Wynn won the two mile Sweepstakes, 6 subs.; *Catherine Davis* won the three mile day, beating *Argyle* and Paul Jones.

We are promised an early report of the Jefferson County Races, Charleston, Va. Kendall's *Camsidell* won the four mile day in two heats—8:47—8:35. Mr. Doswell's *Mosquero* (or Moscow), won the two mile day, and a saddle horse the race, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in *seven* heats.

The official report of the three last day's racing, at Louisville, Ky., has not reached us. *Sarah Miller* won the purse, three mile heats, in 6:14—6:6, beating David Crockett, Donna Maria, Jim Allen and Keff. Capt. Burbridge's s. c. *Sportsman* won the race, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in three heats, beating Colonel Buford's b. m. Herodis; both 4 yrs. old. Time, 1:56—1:52—1:55.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Races commenced on the 12th Sept. The Herald gives the "report" annexed, and "a beauty" it is:—

The Races.—The Fall Races commenced on the course in this vicinity on Monday. The great trial of speed was had yesterday. Five horses—the Waterloo, Laurie Todd, Polly Hopkins, Wolford, and Orphan Boy, were entered for the purse of $800. Although the track was heavy, the first heat, of four miles, was run in 8:34; and the second in 8:37. The Waterloo, in both cases, came out ahead and took the purse.

The races over some course in Maryland, on the Eastern Shore, is thus reported in the Elkton Courier:—

The annual Races for the Eastern Shore commenced on Wednesday, 22d Sept. Gen. Emory's filly took the first day's purse of $400—and his horse Irby took the 2d day's of $800.

A Match for $2000 a-side, Two mile heats, weights 90 lbs each, will come off over the Plaquemine (La.) Course on the 1st day of Dec. next.

Mr. Fergus Duplantier names ch. g. *Go-it-Jerry*, by Jerry, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs.

Mr. Thomas Pickett names b. g. *Plato*, by Betrand, dam by ——, aged.

It is expected that a Convention of Clubs will be held at St. Francisville, La., to regulate the next Spring Meetings in that section. We are promised by an attentive correspondent a sketch of the proceedings.

The great match race between Tennessee and Kentucky, at Louisville, continues to be a general subject of discussion in the newspapers. The Louisville Journal remarks to this effect:—

"Probably ten thousand persons witnessed the contest. The track, on account of the long and violent rains, was in a most execrable condition. Angora took the lead at starting, and kept it until the middle of the second mile, when Rodolph passed her with the utmost ease, and came out at the end of the fourth mile more than two hundred yards ahead—completely distancing his competitor, and thus deciding the contest. The heat was run in 7 minutes 56 seconds. Rodolph, notwithstanding the extreme depth of the mud, could no doubt have accomplished the distance in a minute less."

The Journal is in error as to the time made by *Rodolph*. The heat was run in 8:56, and not 7:56. As the race took place within two miles of the editor's office, his account of the match is copied as "official" throughout the country. Our special Reporter gave the time to each mile, as received from the Timer of the race, Mr. Prestbury. The Hon. Henry Clay and H. Daniels, Esq., were the Judges. The true time is annexed:—

1st mile, 2:5—2d, 2:5—3d, 2:15—4th, 2:31.—Total, 8:56.

We are pleased to state, in answer to repeated enquiries, that none of our Western correspondents have expressed any suspicions of unfair play in the recent match. When the report was received by us last Friday morning, (two days in advance of any contemporary,) an opinion was hazarded by a few who heard it, that Angora must have been drugged on the night before the race, or in some way foully dealt with. So far as our knowledge extends, nothing of the kind is suspected at Louisville, and we hope and trust there is not the slightest ground for any suspicion of the kind.

A late number of The Mobile Mercantile Advertiser remarks:—

"Races in Motion.—We saw six splendid looking horses passing through the city yesterday in the direction of the race track. They were from Major Kenan's country stable, coming down to display their "sterling qualities" at the forthcoming races. The nags who meet some of them may be sure of having 'their speed and bottom' put to a hard test."

A correspondent, who dates from Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala., speaks in enthusiastic terms of the Major's stud, which has been located in that pleasant village during the summer. The writer states that *Birmingham*, (one of Maj. K's string), has never been beat—that he made his first race over the same course on which *John Bascomb* made his last, and gives it as *his* opinion that it was fortunate for Bascomb that he left that part of the country when he did!!! A sorrel filly by Leviathan out of Sally McGhee, our unknown correspondent describes as "*the agony itself*." A colt by Will Bill, and a Timoleon mare that won a sweepstakes last Winter, at Benton, very much pleased the writer, and he is loud in his encomiums respecting a bright bay Kentucky bred horse. On the whole, the writer thinks Maj. Keenan's stable equal to any in the Union, and expresses his astonishment that stables from a distance do not visit South Alabama for the praiseworthy and profitable purpose of beating it. The *way* our friend has taken to prove South Alabama a "soft place," is to our mind rather a caution.—The purses in that section of the State are heavy, and knowing what we do of Major K's stable, we hope he will have competitors that will make his horses earn their money.

Original Sporting Varieties.

LYNCHBURG (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, 20th Sept. We are indebted to the "Democrat" of that town for a major portion of the details annexed.

First Day, Sept. 20, 1836.—Sweepstakes for c. and f., 3 yrs old, 86lbs, two mile heats. Sub. $200, ft $50; 5 subs.

I. H. Oliver's b c *Travis*, by Star, dam by Potomac	1	1
Wm. S. Haynes' b c *Ned Collier*, by Murat, dam Meg Merilies	2	dr.

Time—4:1.

Second Day.—Proprietor's Purse, $200, two mile heats, ent. $15.

O. P. Hare's b m *Mary Archy*, 4 yrs old, by Sir Archy, dam by Sir Hal, 97lbs	4	1	1
D. McDaniel's s h *Red Wasp*, 4 yrs old, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 100lbs	3	3	2
G. Goodwyn's g h *Sir Kenneth*, 4 yrs old, by Tonson, dam by Virginian, 100lbs	2	5	3
J. S. Hurt's g m *Columbia Taylor*, 5 yrs old, by Medley, dam by Virginian, 107lbs	1	2	4
Wm. S. Haynes' b h *Joshua*, 5 yrs old, by Gohanna, dam by Eclipse Herod, 110lbs	5	4	5
A. Hughes' ch m *Fortuna Thomas*, 5 yrs old, by Sir Charles, dam by Diomed, 107lbs	dis.		
L. Phelps' g h *Jim Henry*, 4 yrs old, by Medley, dam by Diomed, 100lbs	dis.		

Time, 3:52—4—3:57.

Second Race.—A Stake for colts & fillies, 3 yrs old, mile heats, ent. $100; 4 subs.

L. Phelps' ch f *Mary Smith*, by Leviathan, dam by Bagdad	1	1
Wm. S. Haynes' b c *Daniel Star*, by Star, dam by Peacemaker	3	2
John S. Hurt's ch c *Giles Gosling*, by Eclipse, dam by Roanoke	2	dis

Time, 1:56—1:58.

Third Day.—Proprietor's Purse, $200, two mile heats.

Wm. M'Cargo's g m *Eliza Clay*, 6 yrs old, by Tonson, dam by im. Eagle, 115lbs	1	1
O. P. Hare's b m *Mary Lea*, 5 yrs old, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy, 107lbs	3	2
G. Goodwyn's ch h *Isham Puckett*, 5 yrs old, by Arab, dam by Shawnee, 118lbs	2	3

Time, 3:51—3:49½.

Fourth Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $550, three mile heats, ent. $20.

Wm. M'Cargo's b m *Sally Eubanks*, 6 yrs old, by Roanoke, dam by Constitution, 115lbs	3	1	1
O. P. Hare's b h *Spartacus*, 4 yrs old, by Sir Charles, dam by Arab, 100lbs	1	3	dr.
G. Goodwyn's ch m *Miss Bett*, 5 yrs old, by Marion, dam by Gallatin, 107lbs	2	2	2
David McDaniel's b h *Watkins Leigh*, 5 yrs old, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 110lbs	4	4	dr.

Time, 5:58—6:6—6.

Mr. Hare's horse Spartacus cramped after the 2d heat, which prevented him from starting again.

Second Race.—A Stake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs old, sub. $300, ft. $100; 4 subs.

David McDaniel's g f *Ann Eliza*, by Eclipse, dam by Director	1	1
John S. Hurt's b f by Sir Charles, dam Pacolet	3	2
I. H. Oliver's r f *Caroline Blanton*, by Murat, dam by Yarico	2	dr.

Time, 3:53—3:58.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) ASSOCIATION RACES.

The 1st Fall meeting of the Association commenced on the 20th Sept., on the Oakland Course. Our special Reporter furnishes the details subjoined.

First Day, Sept. 20, 1836.—Purse $100, mile heats, and an inside stake of $500 a-side, between Gen. J. A. Mabry and Col. Wm. Buford, P. P.

1. J. A. Mabry's b. f. *Lilac*, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 97lbs	1	1
2. Wm. Buford's b. m. *Herodas*, by Kosciusko, dam Peggy Steward, by Whip, 4 yrs. 97lbs	2	2
3. Sidney Burbridge's s. c. *Big John*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs. 86lbs	3	3
4. Mason Thompson's br. m. *Mary McFarland*, by Columbus, dam by Gray Dungannon, 4 yrs. 97lbs	4	dr.

Time, 1st heat, 1:59—2d, 2:1.

The above race caused great interest. Lilac was the favorite, two to one against the field, and the odds were freely taken. About nine o'clock the stir commenced, everybody making for the track, which is about two miles from the city. All was confusion on the road, which exhibited a complete panorama. From the quantity of rain which had fallen during the night, and which was still coming down in torrents, the track was in a dreadful state. The public stands were crowded, and the stockholders' stand actually crammed, and the field full of horsemen and pedestrians. The state of the weather prevented many ladies from attending.

After weighing, the bugle sounded to saddle. On coming up for this purpose, they all appeared in good racing order, with the exception of Lilac, who seemed to be excited, and sweated freely.

1st heat.—On coming to the post Big John had the track, and lead off, followed by Mary McFarland, Herodas third, and Lilac about twenty yards behind. On the first quarter, Herodas passed Big John and Mary, and made pretty play. Lilac now came forward, and quickly passed the two mares, locked Herodas, and a few strides demonstrated that her fleetness was too much for her competitors. Herodas was not able to put her up, and she won the heat under a pull.

2d heat.—On coming to the post, 5 to 1 was freely offered on Lilac, but no takers. On starting, Herodas took the lead, (Mary McFarland having been withdrawn.) Big John was thrown out at least twenty yards in the start. Lilac soon made up to Herodas, and as quickly passed; it was now Lombard-street to a China orange on the Leviathan filly against the field. Though Herodas and Big John took whip and spur, it was no go, Lilac winning the heat with ease, to the great satisfaction of her friends and backers, who were pleased with the admirable manner in which Col. Bingaman's boy Nelson (a darky) rode her.

After the race, the sporting part of the company adjourned to the Galt House, Throckmorton's—(by the by, if you are fond of *living*, this is the house for you.) In the course of the afternoon many bets were made on the match race of to-morrow. Several bets were made on Angora of $1000 to $500; but in the course of the evening the Tennesseeans cooled off, and were not quite so eager, though they still offered 5 to 3 against Rodolph.

Second Day, Sept. 21.—Match, four mile heats, $5000 a side, h. ft., Tennessee *vs.* Kentucky.

Sidney Burbridge, Esq. of Ky., named b. h. *Rodolph*, by Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, 5 yrs, 118lbs	1	
Gen. Robt. Desha, of Tenn., named ch. m. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff, 4 yrs, 97lbs	dis.	

Time—8:56. Course very heavy. [Full particulars of this great sectional match were given in the Spirit of the Times last week.]

Third Day.—Purse $200, two mile heats.

Geo. Tarlton's gr c *Gen. W. H. Harrison*, by Trumpator, dam Papillon, by Double-head, 3 yrs, 86lbs	1	1	
Col. Wm. Buford's b h *Daniel Webster*, by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs, 110lbs	2	2	
Peter B. Winston's b f *Robert Burns*, by Kosciusko, dam Betty Bluster, by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs, 100lbs	4	3	
Capt. Viley's b f *Lady Moffett*, by Bertrand, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 3 yrs, 83lbs	3	dis	

Time—1st heat, 4:18—2d heat, 4:21.

Up to the time of starting, Daniel Webster was the favorite. All went off well together, Gen. Harrison having the track. Daniel soon took the pole, which he kept a short time, and yielded it up to the Lady, who laid it for half a mile, when Gen. Harrison, who was trailing behind, came into play, brushed at Daniel and the Lady, and for three quarters of a mile they kept together. The General, tired of their society, quitted their company, and won the heat by three lengths.

Second heat—The General was now freely backed against the field, though Daniel had still a few friends who *planked their coin* that he would take the 2d heat. They went off gallantly, the Lady and Daniel leading, with the General at their heels—Robert also there. They kept their relative positions for the first half mile, when the General and Robert brushed up to them. The contest was now exciting, and though the speed certainly was not great, owing to the dreadful state of the course, this heat gave great satisfaction. The General soon increased his speed, and left the filly and Robert behind,—Daniel up with him in the stretch in coming home. Robert and Daniel made some pretty running, but the General had the 'vantage ground, and won the heat with ease—the Lady distanced.

Mr. Sidney Burbridge refused, last night, 15,000 dollars for *Rodolph*—he will stand him the next season, at his farm near Frankfort, Ky., at 75 dollars, and $100 if insured—*limited to fifty mares.*—*Angora* will leave here for Natchez next week. Gen. Mabry's stable has left for Nashville, Tenn.

Yours truly, *****.

TAPPAHANNOCK (Va.) J. C. RACES.

The kindness of an esteemed correspondent enables us to give the annexed report of the meeting of this Club, on the Mount Clement Course.

First Day, Sept. 21, 1836.—Match $1000 a-side. Three mile heats. Mr. Tayloe's ch. h. *Robin Brown*, by Monsieur Tonson, received forfeit from Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. h. *Isaac Cline*, by Sir Archy.

Second Day.—Proprietor's Purse, $150. Two mile heats.

John P. White's ch. h. *Robin Brown*, by Mons. Tonson, 6 yrs. old, 118lbs	4	1	1
Isham Puckett's br. h. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. old, 100lbs	3	3	2
George B. Poindexter's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, by Washington, dam by Napoleon, 5 yrs. old, 110lbs	2	4	3
Wm. Williamson's b. h. *Billy Grumble*, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. old, 100lbs	1	2	dr.

Time, 3:56—3:52½—4:0. Weather exceedingly warm.

Third Day.—J. C. Purse, $300. Three mile heats.

John P. White's b. h. *Alp*, by Rockingham, 5 yrs. old, 110 lbs	5	1	1
Jas. P. Corbin's ch. f. *Tryo*, by Timoleon, 4 yrs. old, 100lbs	4	4	2
Isham Puckett's ch. m. *Lobelia*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. old, 97 lbs	1	2	3
Mr. Tayloe's b. g. *Switch*, by Whip, dam Miss Chance, 4 yrs. old, 97lbs	3	5	4
Geo. B. Poindexter's b. g. *Pizarro*, by Sir Alfred, aged, 121 lbs	2	3	dis.

Time, 5:59—6:0—6:7. Pizarro broke down.

Fourth Day.—Silver Pitcher, $30 entrance p. or p. 2 mile heats.

Jas. P. Corbin's ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 83lbs	1	1
Mr. Tayloe's br. f. by Star, dam by Sir William, 83lbs	2	2

Wm. Williamson and Wm. L. White not named.

J. P. WHITE, Proprietor.

Sir,—At the request of the Proprietor, I send you a statement of the Tappahannock J. C. Races. I understand Mr. White has gone on to Haymarket, Va., with *Robin Brown*, *Alp*, his Tonson mare, out of Nancy Abner, and *Switch*. Col. W. L. White's and Mr. Doswell's stables have gone there from Culpepper Ct. House, and Mr. Oliver's stable, (*Morris*, *Queen of Clubs*, and *Atalanta*,) were to go from Washington, which, with the horses in the neighborhood, will insure good racing.

It is said Col. W. L. White's gr. g. *Dandy* won the J. C. purse at Hanover C. H., at 4 heats, and Mr. Doswell's b. g. *Bayard* won the Proprietor's purse, 2 mile heats.

NORFOLK (Va.) RACES.

We gave last week a report of the races on the four first days, since which some unknown friend has forwarded us a complete report of the meeting. We annex the result of the last day's race:—

Fifth Day, Sept. 23.—Proprietor's Purse, $100. Mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. f. *Agnes Nicholson*, by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs, 97 lbs	2	1	1	1
Portlock and Watts' g. f. *Flirtilla*	1	2	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 2:0—2d, 1:56—3d, 1:54—4th, 1:53.

Before the start, Mr. Gildersleeve must have been allowed to withdraw his entry, (a b. c., 4 yrs. old,) and Flirtilla took its place. Her pedigree we have not seen stated anywhere, though we think it *highly probable she had* a sire and dam.

We make the following extracts from the letter of our correspondent:—

The weather was very warm, but the course was in most beautiful order. You will perceive that the number of horses contending on each day was very limited, and how to account for so few, is, as you would say, "curious." We reasonably expected a large attendance of sportsmen from the North, as well as from our own State; the course had been improved, making it equal, if not superior, to any in the Union. The purses, which hitherto had been very respectable, were considerably enlarged, and an invitation to win them given to all.

Our's is a healthy place,—none more so,—abounding in every luxury that the most refined epicure could desire,—our citizens, I trust, not deficient in hospitality,—the Proprietor of our course ever ready to afford the utmost gratification to his visitors, and yet, Mr. Editor, our races are not well patronised. There can scarcely be an excuse for the non-attendance of our Virginia turfites; but I hope Mr. Garrison will not take the thing in dudgeon, or any revenge, but that of tanning them (and he has a stable *wot* can do it) on their own dunghills.

Now, Mr. P., we wish that next Spring you would come and examine this place and course; you will find my statement of its advantages correct, and we will promise you a hearty welcome, abundance of game, fish, oysters, and nice *vegetables*, and lots o' liquor, "from humble Port to imperial Tokay."

Yours, &c. A MEMBER of the N. J. CLUB.

P. S. Of course Col. Johnson, and others, who were with us, are pleasing exceptions to the absentees referred to in this communication.

FROM OUR KENTUCKY CORRESPONDENT.

Our travelling correspondent writes from Louisville, under date of the 18th ult., (three days before the great match race,) giving us the following items of sporting intelligence:—

Mr. Carlin, of Alexandria, La., has bought from Col. Geo. Elliott, of Gallatin, Tenn., a filly, by imported Leviathan, 2 years old, dam by Pacolet; price, $1200.

To the challenge of Col. Elliott, which appeared in the Spirit of the Times of the 23d July, to run his filly, *Sarah Bladen*, by imported Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, for $5000 a-side, half forfeit, should have been added:—two mile heats and to come off on or before the 1st of Jan., 1837.

Rodolph arrived here last evening in pretty good order.

John G. Perry is *not* dead after all, but is training *Scarlet* and several other *good uns*, preparatory to the campaign, near St. Francisville, La.

There is a talk of making a match on Rodolph against *Bascomb*; more of this anon.

There are a number of distinguished turfites here, viz.;—Col. Bingaman, and Messrs. Evans and Elliott, of Natchez, and Governor Poindexter, of Miss., Judge Porter, of La., Sidney Burbridge, Louis Richardson, Col. Wm. Buford, Chas. Buford, J. Ward, Capt. Viley, E. Blackburn, Lewis Sanders, H. Daniels, H. Clay, Thos. Clay, Mr. Duke and Dickey, of Kentucky; Gen. Desha, Col. Geo. Elliott, and Gen. Mabry, of Tenn., besides a number of others. All the taverns full.

Tuesday, Sept. 20th, 1836.—On this day commence the Louisville Races. The town is crowded with strangers from all parts of the Union, drawn together by the approaching trial of strength and speed between *Rodolph* and *Angora*. The stages and steamboats still continue to bring in crowds.—All the hotels are *actually crammed*. It would do you good to witness the anxious looks after the first bell rings for dinner, all are so eager to make the first rush. I presume the excitement in this part of the world to be much greater than it was in New York during the conflict between *Bascomb* and *Post Boy*. The prospect of making as good time as they did, is entirely out of the question, in consequence of the weather. It commenced raining on Sunday evening, and with a few intervals of sunshine during Monday, it has continued until this morning—and the prospect still continues gloomy—the track will be in a dreadful state.

Both Rodolph and Angora were exhibited to a large assemblage of gentlemen yesterday. Angora, when uncovered, exhibited prime condition, and elicited the admiration of many. Rodolph also looked well, but to my mind was too high in flesh; but his owners say that he can run better when in that state. They were both admired, and reflected great credit upon their trainers, Mr. Williams, and Mr. S. Burbridge. Several bets were made, though Angora is the favorite.

A Mr. Nicholson made his first appearance at Caldwell's theatre on the 20th ult., in the character of Sir Edward Mortimer. Signor Commj died at the Louisville Hotel on the 19th inst. He was formerly the leader at the St. Charles and Louisville theatres; aged 29 years.

Mr. Balls leaves here for Cincinnati to-day. He afterwards joins "Old Sol" at Mobile, thence to the St. Charles-street theatre, New Orleans.

The Vicksburg theatre will open on the 10th of Nov., with a full company, under the management of Messrs. Thorne and Scott.

Parsons is doing a good business with Russell's company. Miss De Barr is at Cincinnati, and a very talented lady she is.

TO THE BREEDERS OF THE BLOOD HORSE IN KENTUCKY.

Mr. Editor—It seems to me that the general character and high breeding of our stock of this order does not occupy that stand and space in the public estimation of the citizens of our neighboring States that its merits fairly entitle it to.

I think this attributable in a great measure to the want of genealogical and historical information, touching the origin and introduction of the Blood Horse into Kentucky. Many of the early settlers are now living that could very satisfactorily give the requisite information on this interesting subject, who will, in the course of a few years be in their graves. If application be made to them in time, they can make that appear plain, clear and satisfactory, which if omitted, will ere long be left in doubt and obscurity.

It should not be forgotten that Kentucky was settled pending and immediately after the Revolutionary War: that many of the chivalrous and gallant spirits of that day were among the first settlers; that having participated in the strife of the battle-field, from Saratoga to Savannah, when peace was declared they removed with their families to Kentucky, then a wilderness. I well recollect General Chas. Scott, Gen. Wilkinson, Gen. Lawson, Col. Geo. Nicholas, Col. Thomas Marshall, and Col. Muter, besides many officers of a lower rank, and brave soldiers in abundance; gentlemen of respectability and wealth, emigrated from the State of Virginia; they brought their families, slaves and horses with them.

The intercourse kept up between Kentucky and the old States, from its settlement up to the running of stages and steamboats, a period of nearly thirty years, was on horseback; the campaigns against the Indians were generally on horseback. To no people that ever lived was a good horse of more importance than to a Kentuckian of those times. Game, and good wind, stoutness and durability, were indispensible qualities—the breeder was directed to attain those qualities. Nearly all our mares were obtained from Virginia; so were our stallions, subsequently, from England.

I have seen, and recollect the general appearance of all the stallions named in the annexed list, several of whom may have been forgotten. They were with few or no exceptions kept for covering horses. The Virginia mares were of the blood of Janus, Fearnought, Wild-air, Simms' Celer, (said to be the most perfect horse ever seen,) Highflyer, and Medley.

1. The first fine horse that I recollect was Tippoo Saib, a fine looking dark brown, brought to Kentucky about 1789, by Major David Walker. I suppose it is the horse of the same name, out of the dam of Celer, by Lee's Mark Antony.
2. Claudius, dark br. or bay, a Virginia bred horse of high pedigree, blood not recollected. He was kept by Mr. Jos. Faulkner.
3. Laburnum, ch. David Ross, of Richmond, Va., about the year 1790 sent this horse, (said to be of the best stock in Va.), to Mr. Thomas Carneal, Fayette Co., Ky. Mr. Ross sent at the same time to Mr. Carneal, a Jack, which was the first I had ever seen, and was, I suppose, the first one brought into Kentucky.
4. Slider, a race horse that run at Lexington, Ky., about 1791, belonging to Gen. Wilkinson.
5. Lath, blk., a race horse. Ran at Lexington about the time of Slider.
6. McKinney's Roan, by Celer, a good breeder and race horse at all distances; his get were remarkable for stoutness and great durability; highly esteemed for the saddle.
7. Telimicus [query Telemachus?] ch. (Wood's) by Celer, a good breeder.
8. Union, bay, by Imp. Shakspeare, a fine and noble looking horse; his colts were beautiful.
9. Mogul, ch., a race horse of good size, then belonging to Mr. Simeon Buford, of Woodford County.
10. Highflyer, br. (Hall's) a race horse; run at Lexington about 1794.
11. Shark ch. (Gatewood's) by Imported Shark, dam by Celer.
12. Shark, blk. (Mumford's) by Imported Shark.
13. Œlus, (or Eoulus,) ch., from South Carolina, (Col. John Blanton's).
14. Grey Alfred, (Carneal's) kept by Mr. Little.
15. Scipio, br., star—whitefoot, by Celer, (B. Wharton's).
16. Bompard, a race horse, brought to Kentucky by some sportsmen.
17. Alfred, bay (Craig's) by Medley. 18. Old Friendship, by Apollo.
19. Melzar, bay, full 16 hands high, by Medley, dam by Wild-air, (Simms'), bred by Col. John Hoskins, of Va., purchased and brought into Kentucky by my Uncle, Col. Robt. Sanders, 1800-1. This horse was superior to any I have ever seen, covered but one season, died early in 1802. His get improved the blood stock of Kentucky more than that of any other horse; nearly all his colts were kept for stallions. The first sweepstake ever run for in Kentucky was got up by the breeders of his colts and fillies.
20. Albert, bay, by Americus, dam the dam of Melzar.
21. Boxer, Foxed, by Medley.
22. An Arabian (White's), kept by Maj. Benj. Graves.
23. Buzzard, ch., Imp.—grandson of King Herod.
24. Knowsley, br., Imported.
25. Dragon, ch., Imp.—grandson of King Herod.
26. Spread-Eagle, bay, imported. 27. Stirling, bay, imported.
28. Spectator, " " 29. Dion, " "
30. Eagle, " " 31. Tup, " "
32. Whip, brown, "
33. Winter Arabian, grey, afterwards became white.
34. Hamiltonian, ch., by Diomed, dam by Imported Shark, brought to Kentucky by John Pollock, a fine breeder.
35. Potomac, bay, by Diomed. 36. Eclipse, (Lewis') by Diomed.
37. Oscar, (may be mistaken in the name), by Diomed, kept by E. Meredith, near Lexington, Ky.
38. Florizel, (Turpin's) by Ball's Florizel, dam by Imported Shark.
39. Helphestion, ch., by Buzzard, out of the dam of Sir Archy.
40. Bertrand, bay, by Sir Archy, 41. Cherokee, bay, by Sir Archy.
42. Saxe Weimar, bay, " 43. Kosciusko " "
44. Sir William of Transport, by Sir Archy.
45. Sir Archy of Transport, "
46. Arab, brown, "
47. Rattler, ch., "
48. Orphan Boy, (Dr. Cutler's) "
49. Waxy, "
50. Virginius of Transport, ch., by Virginius.
51. Contract, ch., imported. 52. Sarpedon, br., imported.
53. Valentine, br., " 54. Trumpator, br., by Sir Solomon.
55. Snow Storm. 56. Sidi Hamet.
57. Bluster, by Imp. Bluster. 58. Flying Dutchman, bay.
59. Priam, 60. Medoc, ch., by Eclipse.
61. Lance, br., by Eclipse. 62. Muckle John, dk. br. by Sir Archy.
63. Cadmus, 64. Sir Lovell, bay.
65. James Cropper, bay. 66. Messenger Duroc, ch.
67. Stamboul, ch., Rhind Arabian. 68. Kochlani, bay, Arabian.
69. Orphan, bay, by Eclipse, dam Maid of the Oaks.
70. Royalist, bay, imported, by Saltram, a beautiful horse.

The foregoing is hastily done from recollection, without any written memorandums. There are no doubt errors and many omissions, in embracing a period of nearly fifty years. I never had any ownership, in whole or in part of a foreign stallion—have bred to many of the best from Virginia, and to Buzzard, Spread Eagle, Dragon, Royalist, Speculator, and this season am advised to breed to Sarpedon of the imported ones.

It is hoped that the subject will be pursued, and that all the information attainable be collected. *What is everybody's business is never done.* Each of the fol-

lowing gentlemen know much more on the subject than I do, and I have no doubt if applied to, would give all the information desirable.

Gen. Thos. Kennedy and Gen. John Faulkner, of Gerrard County, Ky.
Gen. Adair and Major John Meaux, of Mercer County.
Maj. Ewbank and Mr. Grigsby, of Clarke County.
Capt. Burbridge of Scott County.
Col. John Buford, of Frankfort.
Col. Wm. Buford and Mr. E. M. Blackburn, of Woodford.
Mr. Wm. Turpin Banton, of Cincinnati, Ohio.
Major Arch. Woods, of Madison.
Mr. John Stephens, of Franklin.
Mr. Benjamin Wharton, of Fayette.

Kentucky is deeply interested in the matter. The value of blood stock rests mainly on the *authenticity* of its *pedigree*. An individual may possess a brood mare of pure blood, but if he cannot establish the fact, her offspring will sell for but little money. So one may possess a ruby or a diamond of the greatest value, but if he is not apprised of its value, it is as worthless to him as a bit of limestone rock.

From my earliest youth I have felt a considerable interest in *Fine Stock*, in *Horticulture*, and in *Agricultural improvements*, and have given as much attention to them as my means and other pursuits admitted. To me it has always been gratifying to view and examine fine stock. I well recollect how much I was delighted when I first saw old Tippoo Saib, being then a very small boy.

We want an *American Stud Book*. In fact we want a *Kentucky* Stud Book, for which materials could now be collected. It is for the interest of breeders to take this matter in hand efficiently, and to carry it out completely. Mr. Skinner, of Baltimore, has republished the English Stud Book. It is very neatly done, though its arrangement is objectionable. Still it will do;—it is of very great value, and every breeder should own it. I hope he has sold them all:—his appendix of American Blood is scant, very scant.

I give it as my opinion,—let it go for what it is worth—that the get of Mr. McKenney's Roan, of Melzar, of Whip, and Bertrand, have been of the greatest service to our stock, of any others of their day.

The prevailing opinion, Mr. Editor, in the South, is, that Tennessee possesses more and better blood than Kentucky. Tennessee Stock will fetch more money in the South than ours will. I think our stock as good as that of Tennessee, and believe that Kentucky has as many well bred mares (not of the first order, but as good as Tennessee) as any State in the Union. There is a very heavy sum invested in the blooded stock of Kentucky. Something must be done in order to bring it forward, so as to be appreciated according to its merit. At the races, two years ago, at Louisville, Tennessee Stock had rather the advantage, though we beat them the four mile day with a Kentucky bred horse.

Some system should be adopted by the breeders to obtain *authentic pedigrees*, as far as they can. A few crosses, after a single one, adds greatly to the value of the nags. Yours truly, LEWIS SANDERS.

Gallatin Co. Ky., Sept. 20, 1836.

THE CHACE.

If there was ever a day made for fox-hunting it was Saturday. Heavy showers of rain fell the night before, and an overcast and lowering sky "ushered in the morn." The muster of pinks was small but very select, for what real thoroughbred sportsman (not your babblers of sport) seeing such splendid weather for the chace and within hail of hounds could miss shewing himself,

"By copse or dingle, heath or sheltering wood."

The hounds were thrown into the first large cover east of Laprairie, and the voice of Dashwood, soon joined by the whole, slowly swelled to a crash of sound appreciated only by fox-hunters, and again gradually died away to a faint bark. Reynard had gone to earth, and there it was thought best to leave him. A small cover near at hand was next drawn, and in about three minutes Morris sung out "Tally-ho!" and gave a scream which it would be rather difficult to set to music. Off went the pack, and in went the spurs to the flanks of the noble steeds eager for the run. The pace was fast, so fast that the well bred pack ran mute the whole time, about fifteen or twenty minutes, and finally killed their fox, a young one, who thought to find safety in a hole on the bank of a wide ditch.

"Merrily, merrily sounds the horn," to collect the pack, and it is debated whether or not to continue the sport. At it again was the word, and the hounds were taken to the Barns country, well known to sporting men, and so called from the number of those buildings dispersed here and there. A fox soon got away in full view, and made for a small copse about a quarter of a mile off, the hounds well on with a burning scent; finding this too hot for him, off he went, and in crossing a ditch and fence close to us fell on his nose and rolled over. "He's dead beat and weak as a cat already," sings out the rider of Teufal, "his brush will soon be ours." The result proved far otherwise. He took a straight line of country for about six miles, then skirted the road leading to the St. John's half-way house, which he crossed and made for the covers of the white cottage near Longueil, where he was gallantly run into after a splendid chase of ten or twelve miles at the least. Those of the field who managed to get into the half-way house rode well to hounds; but the others had an extremely stiff country to go over, and bellows to mend was very general. The hounds were so done up, that they had scarcely power to kill their fox, lying breathless before them, and only three men with the huntsman were in at the death, being the gallant riders of Competitor, Taglioni, and Cocktail. Montreal Herald.

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat "Lizzard," one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, "The Goddess of Liberty," of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.

June 13th, 1836. jy 23.

FULL BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the following mares of the best native and imported blood; in consequence of being overstocked, he will sell them at reasonable prices. Should they not be sold previous to the first Fall meeting at the Union Course, they will be offered at the next public sale day, at Tattersall's, succeeding the above meeting.

1. Sorrel Mare, 12 years old, got by the Bussorah Arabian, dam the old Flynn mare, by imported *Baronet*, *Captain* (full bred son of imported Lath), *Bold Briton*, Jolly Sportsman (also by Lath, out of an imported mare), &c. This mare has two crosses of the justly celebrated horse Lath.
2. Sorrel mare, 4 years old, by *Am. Eclipse*, out of No. 1.
3. Sorrel mare, 3 years old, by imported *Barefoot*, out of No. 1.

Richmond, Staten Island, Sept. 10, 1836. BILLOPP B. SEAMAN.

SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Bock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River.
Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed npon him since his commencement in bnsiness, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatnam-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.
2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.
3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.
4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.
5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.
6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.
7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

July 2

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland and as far south as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

To be run for 1839.

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled spring 1836. To be run spring 1839, mile heats, entrance $1,000, forfeit $250. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837. Now eight subscribers and more promised.

jy 23. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

TROTTING.

A SWEEPSTAKE will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted). Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.
Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2
JAMES JACLSON & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.
Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

BLOODED HORSES.

I OFFER for sale a great variety of Breeding Stock, embracing some of the best brood mares in America, both native and imported, now in foal to the imported horse *Consol*. Also sundry Colts and Fillies, of different ages, embracing some of the favorite crosses on both sides of the Atlantic; they can be seen at the stock farm at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Madison County, North Alabama.

No. 1. Imported mare *Design*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1827, got by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens; she was a respectable racer; her foals also for sale. *Julia Tattersall*, a splendid bay filley, dropped in England in 1835, got by Windcliffe, by Whalebone. Also, her foal of the present year, dropped at the Mills. A chesnut colt, *B. Tattersall*, got by Acteon, at the Hampton Court Stud, with his engagements—Design stinted to Consol.

2. Imported mare, *Delight*, a bay, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1828, got by Reveller, out of Design's dam.—Delight was a capital race mare; her produce, 1835. A bay colt, *Little England*, got by Windcliffe as above, 1836, ch colt, by St. Patrick, winner of the St. Leger, and now in the Riddlesworth stud; both very promising.

3. Imported mare, *Sessions*, a brown, bred by Lord Egremont, in 1826, got by Wanderer, out of Centaur's dam, an Orville mare, out of the dam of Selim and Rubens. Also, her foal, *Egremont*, a bay colt, 1836, got by Lord Egremont's Nimrod, by Whalebone, out of Thalestris.

4. Imported mare, *Vamp*, a bay, bred by Lord Sligo, in 1825, got by Langar, out of Wire by Waxy, Whalebone and Whisker's dam. Langar was by Selim; Vamp lost her foal on the passage, and is now stinted to Consol—Vamp is of the true 4 mile stock.

5. Imported mare, *Gabriella*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Yates, in 1820, got by Partisan, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews, her dam Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick, by PotSos—Drab by Highflyer, Hebe, by Chrysolite—Proserpine, sister to Eclipse; Gabriella is a very fast mare, and stinted to Consol.

My native stock is, in part, very select.

6. *Sally Bell*, by old Archy; she is the dam of (Cathleen, sold) ch filley, 1835, and ch colt, 1836, all by Leviathan, large and fine.

7. *Cleopatra*, ch mare, bred in 1831, got by Bertrand, out of a Pacolet mare, grandam by imported Diomed, she has a ch colt at foot by Leviathan, and was stinted early to Consol.

8. Chesnut mare, by Sir Charles, out of a Bedford mare, colt foal at foot by Glenroy, and stinted early to Consol.

9. *Lithgow*, bay mare, by Revenge, he by Ball's Florizell, Diomed, &c., her dam by Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, imported Brilliant, her produce, 1833, bay colt by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Wild Bill, 1835, bay filley by Wild Bill, and now stinted to Consol.

10. *Jane*, bay mare, by Drone, out of a Blucher mare, by Durock, Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, &c. &c., her produce, 1833, bay filley by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Leviathan, 1835, brown colt, by Cock of the Rock, 1836, bay colt, by Count Badger, and stinted to Consol.

11. *Kate*, a bay mare, by Blucher, a son of Duroc, out of young Miller's Damsel, sister to American Eclipse; Kate's dam by Feather, out of an imported mare; Feather by Light Infantry, &c.—she has a filley foal at foot by Col. Camp's Whalebone, and stinted to Consol.

Not being engaged at present in a training stable, I offer for sale a capital son of Leviathan. Chesnut colt, *Tom Cringle*, foaled at the Mills 14th March, 1832, got by Leviathan, out of my old Archy mare, bred by Benjamin Jones, of Greensville, Virginia; her dam by imported Diomed, grandam by Wildair, (the grandam of Timoleon,) g. grandam by Driver, g. g. grandam by imported horse Fallow, out of a Vampire mare; he is a splendid horse, full of bone, and has all the requisites of a Turf horse, of the first order, and is now in exercise for the approaching fall races; he would be a valuable acquisition to any racing stable.

Bay Filley, dropped in 1834, got by Bertrand, out of a Topgallant mare. Grey Filley, dropped in 1835, got by Jerry, out of a mare by old Quicksilver; with sundry other colts and fillies, several of them engaged in important sweepstakes. Many gentlemen have been breeding for years without having the offer of such stock to breed from. As to the pedigree and performances, those that wish to examine can find the English Stud Book and Racing Calendars, and all the American Turf publications at the Mills.

Mares and foals when sold together, can be delivered when called for; mares sold without their foals now at foot, can be delivered to the purchaser the 1st of Sept.

Imported horse *Consol* has made a splendid season, and will remain at the Mills the season of 1837.

Persons applying by letter, will please direct to Huntsville.
Huntsville, July 19, 1836. E. H. BOARDMAN.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them. J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,08. The money ($10 a copy should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.

a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.

BY JAMES HORN, Jr., corner of Nassau and Pine streets, New York.

List of Wines, &c.

Madeira.		*Champagne.*	
Howard, March, & Co. per bottle	$2 00	Chateau d'Ay, quarts	$2 00
Blackburn & Co. quarts	2 00	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 00	Heidsick, quarts	2 00
Old Cabbot, quarts	2 50	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 25	Oil de Petrix	2 00
No. 1 Brahmin, (1826), per bottle	3 00	Comet	2 00
Wanderer do.	4 00	Cross Bow, quarta	2 00
Sherry.		Do. pints	00
Pale, on draft, quarts	1 50	Anchor, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	75	Do. pints	1 00
Duff, Gordon & Co. quarts	2 00	Bacchus, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	1 00	Do. pints	1 00
Lobo's celebrated Pale, quarts	2 50	*Cordials.*	
Do. pints	1 50	Anisette	2 00
Brown Sherry, (Smith, Bailey & Co.)	2 00	Curaso	2 00
Port.		Marischeno	2 50
Smith, Woodhouse & Co. quarts	2 00	*Claret Wine.*	
Do. pints	1 00	Chateau Margaux, (1825) Lynch's	3 00
Lingham	2 50	Larose do. do.	2 50
Old, (bottled in Oporto) quarts	3 00	Palmer do. do.	2 00
Do. pints	1 50	St. Julien, (1834,)	1 00
Rhenish Wine.		Medoc	1 00
Moselle	2 00	Braun Mouton	1 00
Marcobronner	2 00	*Porter & Ale.*	
Hockheimer	2 00	Burton Ale, quarts	50
Johannesberger	3 00	Do. pints	25
Burgundy.		London Brown Stout, quarts	50
Chambertin	00	Do. pints	25
Pomard	2 00	Philadelphia Porter, quarts	25
Clos. de Vogout	00	Do. pints	12

Together with a great variety of other Wines, which may be had by the bottle or otherwise,

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—SPURZHEIM.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

CLEOPATRA.

JUST returned from the South—Mr. Le Bert has the honor to inform the patrons of the Fine Arts, that the celebrated Statue of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, has arrived in this city, and is now exhibited at 175 Broadway.

Hours of exhibition from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.

This splendid piece of sculpture is an original modern production of unsurpassed merit in all its parts. In beauty of proportion, contour, anatomical accuracy, expression, attitude, and high finish, it is a work which stands unrivalled in the wide catalogue of modern productions. s 24.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations, Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE, Capt. J. Benson, The CHAMPLAIN, Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY, " J. G. Jenkins, " NORTH AMERICA, " G. Lathrop,
" OHIO, " M. Bartholomew, " DE WITT CLINTON, S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS, J. P. Dean.

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.
KILLINWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them-it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.
Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols. Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN

D. L. P. WRILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a6.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John*, vs. *Miss Medley*.
ALEXANDRIA, La.	Rapides Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside, h. ft. *Corsair* vs. *Wings*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Rhubarb* vs. *Taglioni*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $10,000 aside, $5,500 bye; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Dec. 15.
" "	Match, 3 m. h., $6,000 aside, $2,000 bye; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Dec. 16.
BALTIMORE, Md.	Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
BEAN'S STATION, Ten.	Regular Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
BURKESVILLE, Ky.	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
CAMDEN, N. J.	Near Philadelphia Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Oct.
CAMDEN, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
COLUMBUS, Ga.	Jockey Club, Western Course, Ann. Fall meeting, 4th Monday, Oct. 24.
COSHOCTON, Ohio,	Annual Fall meeting, Lewisville Course, 3d Thursday, 20th Oct.
ELKTON, Md.	Annual Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
FRANKFORT, Ky.	Franklin Association, Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 2d Nov.
FRANKLIN, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
FLORENCE, Ala.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 24th Oct.
FAIRFIELD, Va.	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" "	Match, 1st day, $5000 aside, 4 m. hts, *Admiral* vs. *Margaret Armistead*.
" "	Match, 2d day, $1000 aside, 2 m. hts. Ch. c. vs. B. f., both by Sir Charles.
FULTON, S. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Oct.
GALLATIN, Ala.	Lowndes Co. Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday in Nov.
HAGERSTOWN, Md.	Annual Fall meeting, of three days, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
HANOVER C. H., Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Nov.
HALIFAX, Va.	Jockey Club, annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
JACKSON, Tenn.	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
KENDALL COURSE, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 24th Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky.	Oakland Course, 2d Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Oct.
MT. PLEASANT, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
MEMPHIS, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, Tuesday, 1st Nov.
MOBILE, Ala.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Nov.
MONTGOMERY, Ala.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec.
NEW YORK CITY.	Jockey Club, Union Course, Second Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Nov.
NATCHEZ, Miss.	Ann Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. b. c. by Longwaist; Feb.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $2000 a side; f. br. to Naked Truth, vs. f. by Muley; Feb.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $3 000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*. Jan. 29, 1837.
NEWMARKET, Va.	Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
NASHVILLE, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NEWBERRY, S. C.	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov., near Court House.
OXFORD, N. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Oct.
ORANGEBURG, S. C.	St. Mathew's Parish, Richardson Course, Fall meeting, 4th Wed Nov. 23.
OPELOUSAS, La.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 10th Nov.
PLAQUEMINE, La.	Match, 2 m. h., $2,000 a-side, *Go-it-Jerry* vs. *Plato*, 1st Dec.
PENDLETON, S. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	Jockey Club Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct.
" "	Sweepstakes, [not the regular Club meeting], Friday, 16th Oct.
TRENTON, N. J.	Eagle Course, Second Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Nov.
UPPER MARLBORO, Md.	Match, -- heats, $300 aside, h. ft. *Partnership*, vs. *Sumpter*, Oct. 8.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	National Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

Varieties.

OXFORD EXAMINATION.—After many failures, an under-graduate being asked in his Divinity examination, who was Jesse? answered, the "Flower of Dunblane."

Some months ago, a Greenwich pensioner, belonging to this place, whose bed and board associations were of an unenviable stamp, resolved to avail kimself of the excellent house keeping at Greenwich Hospital. All who had the pleasure of his acquaintance were of opinion that he had made a decided change for the better, and that if they ever wished to see their old friend again, it would be necessary for them to take a trip to the banks of the Thames. To the amazement however of his acquaintances, the old man returned to Aberdeen the other day to sleep upon hard boards and live upon scanty fare. When asked what had induced him to leave the Hospital, he replied—"Why, you see, I didn't like their religion—there's so much superstition in it—that playing of the organ I could not stand it—and then the mutton that they serve out—by the piper! it would upset the stomach of a grampus to swallow such lumps o' fat. Aberdeen Paper.

1st Driver—"Move on with your *bean* pot."
2d Driver—"I will when I get in my *pork*."
Play: Charlestown and Beverley.

What are we coming to? The Beans and Pork bakers have struck at last! Yesterday, a neighbor tells us he went to the bake house, where Sunday dinners had been cooked for the last three years, and after receiving the smoking and savory mess, and carefully covering it with a clean napkin, "Mr. Nibble," said the baker, with a most woeful countenance, "I am very grateful for your custom—but every thing has *riz* so, that I can't afford to bake beans any longer for *three cents*—I *must* charge *four pence happeny!*" "Charge and be blessed," replied friend Nibble—and off he started to communicate the awful intelligence to Mrs. Nibble, who has resolved—good woman and economical—that baked beans at fourpence happeny a pot for only baking, is altogether too extravagant and must be dispensed with hereafter. Salt fish can be boiled for less. Boston Transcript.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—Last week Miss Cooper recited at one of the Philadelphia theatres, the celebrated "Scene in a Private Madhouse," from the pen of Monk Lewis. The entertainments of the evening were for her benefit, and the theatre was crowded. As she progressed in the recitation, her feelings became excited to the very highest pitch. Applause followed applause from the admiring and equally excited audience, and when the curtain fell, an enthusiastic burst followed the exit of the actress. The consternation and horror of the audience, however, may be imagined when the echoes of their own voices having died away, they heard Miss Cooper shrieking in the most agonizing manner. So exhausted had she become by the mental excitement produced by her exertions, and so completely had she identified herself with the character personated, that for a time she lost the mastery of her own mind, and several minutes elapsed before the actress was "herself again."

JUDICIAL PUN.—The Clerk of the Court, in calling over the names of the jurymen at the assizes, called one of the name of George Martin, when a gentleman immediately stepped into the box. The clerk asked him if his name was George Martin. He said his name was Martin George, and that Mr. Hobson had summoned him. "Oh, then," replied Chief Justice Tindal, "as it's *Hobson's choice*, I suppose we must have you."

An Irish Chairman on seeing for the first time one of the low-bodied "safety cabs," exclaimed to his partner, "bad luck to me, if here isn't a *horse-sedan!* It's all over wid you and me, Pat. The animals that's druv out of work by the steam coaches are setting up in the chair line."

The adjutant of a volunteer corps, doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried out, "all you that are without *arms* will please to hold up your *hands*."

There was a row at the American Theatre, in Louisville, a few weeks ago. A Mr. and Mrs. Chipp, for some private cause, refused to perform, and threw themselves upon their reserved rights. The play was interrupted, a row followed, and the nullifying player-folks appeared before the audience, and claimed the right of making a disturbance, on the ground that they were Americans, and the manager was an Englishman. The audience were not disposed to enter into the examination of a question of this kind. It was enough for them that the nullifying people were poor performers. So they sustained the manager, and the "native talent" people were dismissed from the theatre. They had no idea of encouraging stupiuity and rowdyism, because they were "native."

SIGNOR BLITZ, the magician, who pleased our citizens so much, and the "little gentlimen" particularly, last winter, has deposited $2,000 in the hands of one of the proprietors of the Evening Star, at New York, being the same sum offered as a challenge to Monsieur Adrien and Signor Blitz, for a trial of skill in the magic art, by another conjurer (New York is a real hocus pocus place, and abounds in conjurors) who calls himself Raham-Ben Abel-Marachel. Blitz says there is no doubt that Adrian can swallow Rahab without brimstone—but for himself, he is willing to try him on the following terms, which he offers to do. Each party is to select three American arbitrators, and they to select an umpire; they also to select the room and place; also the number of tricks, and the tricks to be tricks of dexterity, performed on a plain table, without the aid of confederates or humbuggery. The bet to be play or pay, and to be performed this week.
Boston Transcript.

ATHENS AS IT IS!—"The bazaar or market of Athens is a long street, which is now the only one there of any importance. It has no foot-pavement; there is a gutter in the centre, down which, in this wintry weather, the water runs in copious torrents. The houses are generally patched together with planks and plaster. Looking up the street, you command a view of the commodities with which this Athenian market is now supplied. Barrels of black caviar, small pocket looking glasses in read paste-board cases, onions, tobacco piled up in brown heaps, black olives, figs strung together upon a rush, pipes, with amber mouth-pieces, and brown clay bowls, rich staffs, and silver chased pistols, dirks, belts and embroidered waistcoats—these are the varied objects which a rapid glance of this street presents to the spectator. The objects which are not to be found here, as well as those which are, ought not to be neglected in this description. Here there are no books, no lamps, no windows, no carriages, no newspapers, no post-office. The letters which arrived here a few days since from Napoli, after having been publicly cried in the streets, if they were not claimed by the parties to whom they were addressed, were committed to the flames. Such is the present state of Athens, as far as its streets speak of its condition."
Asiatic Journal.

THE HIGHWAYMAN OFF HIS GUARD.—A rider to a commercial house in London was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester, by a single highwayman, who robbed him of his purse and pocketbook, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. "Sir," said the rider, "I have suffered you to take my property, and you are welcome to it. It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any defence, I should wish you just to fire a pistol through my coat." "With all my heart," said the highwayman; "where will you have the ball?" "Here," said the rider, "just by the side of this button." The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but as soon as he had fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and, with the assistance of a traveller, who came up at the time, lodged the highwayman in jail.

The great story about the three Americans who had been convicted of murder in Montreal, and sentenced to be executed, turns out to be unfounded. A Boston paper states that there is not a word of truth in the report of the trial and condemnation of the three persons in Montreal, by the name of Hoyt, Chamberlin and Church. We can add, that Hoyt has been travelling all the summer in New England and New York with Mr. Welsh. Church is with a division in Indiana, and Chamberlin now drives the band wagon in Upper Canada. If they have been convicted, as stated, it will take the Canada Jack Ketch some time to get them together on the mortal platform.

It was reported, last week, that Forrest was to open the Drury Lane Theatre season. If he succeeded, he was to be engaged for the whole season, to play three nights a week. We have nothing in corroboration of this report, since it originally obtained currency. If Forrest means to appear here, he *must* make his *debut* in some piece expressly calculated to show off his peculiar powers. He will have fair play from the press—with two exceptions: the Morning Chronicle will damn him with faint praise—because the Chronicle critic doth eat of the things which fall from Macready's table, and one or two of the minor papers in the interest of Charles Kean will give him downright abuse. Young Kean performs five or six characters with ability; he has the power of *imitation*, and retails all his father's points. But his range of parts are so very limited, that no London Manager *dare* engage him for a season. The public would not bear the repetition, and nothing but the repetition of half a dozen plays. So he is *not* engaged at any London Theatre, and his friends of the press abuse those who are. You will see that my predictions about Forrest will be fulfilled; the Macready and Kean junior critics will abuse him, and the impartial people will do him justice.
Foreign Correspondent of the N. Y. Express.

A MARKET DAY IN ANTWERP.—The market-place of Antwerp presents a curious, and by no means a disagreeable appearance on market days—Wednesdays and Saturdays. Booths are raised in various directions of different sizes, which are filled with all manner of eatables, inclusive of those luxuries which the poor can indulge in. Here is a woman with a heap of eggs, like Alnaschar, in the Arabian Tales in so far, but rather more intent on the realities around her than he was; there is a group of street musicians murdering melody for the sake of a few *centimes*, the tenth part of a farthing; further on you find an itinerant baker with his cart of fresh and "real country-baked bread," surrounded by women, such as Teniers painted, and Gerard Dow loved to depict, each sitting before her stock of fresh butter, boiled meat, pigs' feet, or dressed vegetables; those who sell food appear to crowd together; and to those immediately succeed in the panorama which passes under the eye, three itinerant vocalists, squalling trebles and roaring bass, shriller than an ungreased wheel on dry axles, and louder than the wild bulls of Bashan. It would require the pencil of Hogarth to do the group justice. I can afford but a faint sketch. A large abdominous fellow, blind of an eye, stands on a chair in the centre of two others, each standing on a chair also. He is the bass, the base, or the baste, as I once heard an Irishman call it. On one side of him is a female, with a sucking brat at her breast; between her and her wean a treble is eked out—and such a treble! On the other side is an ordinary individual, or what might have been one, only for the huge trunk hose and the enormous churn-boots which swallow up his dwarfish and feeble-looking figure.
A Saunter in Belgium.

There is nothing so exalted or divine, as a great and brave spirit working out its end through any and every earthly obstacle and evil; watching through the utter darkness, and steadily defying the phantoms which crowd round it—wrestling with the mighty allurements and rejecting the fearful voices of that want which is the deadliest and surest of human tempters—nursing through all calamity the love of species and warmer and closer affections of private ties; sacrificing no duty, resisting all sin; and, amidst every horror and every humiliation, feeling the still and bright light of that genius which, like the lamp of the fabulist, though it may waste itself for many years amidst the depth of solitude and the silence of the tomb, shall live and burn immortal and undimmed, when all around them is rottenness and decay. There are some whom the lightnings of fortune blast only to render holy. Amidst all that humbles and scathes, amidst all that shatters from life its verdure, smites to the dust the pomp and summit of their pride, and in the very heart of existence writeth a sudden and "strange defeature," *they* stand erect, riven, but not unrooted, a monument less of pity than of awe.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES

WILL come off over the new course at Camden, N. J on Tuesday the 25th day of October.

FIRST DAY.—Proprietor's Purse, $300, wo mile heats.
SECOND " " " 500, three "
THIRD " " " 1000, four "

Sweepstakes will be made up, and due notice given in the bills of the day.
Camden, N. J. Oct. 7, 1836. THE PROPRIETORS.

FINE ARTS.

THE public are respectfully informed that the celebrated picture of *La Belle Nature*, painted by Boudet, of Paris, which has received so much editorial praise in all the principal newspapers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., and another splendid late production from the same pencil, denominated *Daphne de L'Olympe*, are now exhibited at No. 37 Courtlandt street. o8

DISSOLUTION.

THE firm of SACKETT & BRANCH, Printers, was dissolved on the 1st inst. All persons having demands against the firm will present them to the subscriber,
New York, Oct. 6, 1836. ISWEL SACKETT.

ST. LOUIS FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the St. Louis Course, will commence on Wednesday, the 12th day of October, 1836, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY.—Four mile heats and repeat—purse $400, entrance $50, to be added to the purse.

SECOND DAY.—Three mile heats and repeat—purse $300, entrance $25, to be added to the second day's purse.

THIRD DAY.—Two mile heats and repeat—purse $200, entrance $25, to be added to the 3d day's purse.

FOURTH DAY.—One mile and repeat—purse $100, entrance $15, to be added to the 4th day's purse.

The above purses are free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the United States. By order of H. WALTON, President.
BENJAMIN AMES, Secretary.
St. Louis, August 15, 1836. [ol.]

Sweepstakes for 1837--Union Course, L. I.

SWEEPSTAKES open over the Union Course, L. I, to name and close the 1st day of January next.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, mile heats, 2d Spring meeting, 1837, over the Union Course, with colts and fillies then three years old. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Four or more to make a race; to name and close 1st of Jan. next.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton,
2. John C. Stevens,
3. Robert Tillotson,
4. Robert L. Stevens.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, 2d Spring meeting, 1837, two mile heats, with colts and fillies then 4 years old; entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Jan. next.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton names
2. John C. Stevens names

New York, September, 1836. [ol]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE "Mobile Jockey Club Fall Races" will commence on Wednesday, the 16th day of November, and continue four days.

1st day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, four mile heats.
2d day—Citizens' " 700, three "
3d day—Jockey Club " 500, two "
4th day— " " " 300, one " best three in five.

The above purses will be hung at the stand each day, without discount, free for any horse, mare or gelding in the United States. The rules of the Central Course, Baltimore, to govern.

OFFICERS OF THE MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB.
Col. GEORGE WALTON, President.
Maj. JOHN MAYRANT, 1st Vice President.
Dr. JAMES F. ROBERTS, 2d Vice President.
Gen. JOHN F. EVERITT, Corresponding Secretary.
THOMAS BATES, Recording Secretary.
Mobile, Ala., Aug. 27, 1836. s17.

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tueseay in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.
2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.
3. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the boat of the *Ariel Club*, of Castle Garden, built by W. & E. De La Montaignie: is thirty feet keel, pulls seven oars, is sound and in complete order, and with oars, cushions, flag, etc. will be sold a bargain for $175.

For further information and examination of the boat, apply to
a 6-2t. JOHN W. GOULD, 71 Cedar-st.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to acy gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

EAGLE COURSE RACES, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Second Fall meeting will commence on Tuesday, 1st Nov. 1836, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th Oct.; horses to be named at the Post.

Same Day.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100 to close the evening previous to the Races at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by Proprietors $100, four or more to make a race.

SECOND DAY.—A Purse of $1000, free for all ages, four mile heats.

THIRD DAY.—A Purse of $500, free for all ages, three mile heats.

Same Day.—On this day will come off the splendid TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES of $500 each, $200 forfeit, three mile heats, under the saddle, which closed on the 2d day of the First Fall meeting with the five following named celebrated horses.

Joel Conklin's Dutchman, Peter Whelan's Steamboat,
J. Hazzard's Lady Warrington, C. S. Bartine's Norman Leslie,
D. Furman's Columbus.

Trenton, N. J. Sept. 26, 1836. [ol] O. BAILEY, Secretary

KENDALL COURSE RACES.

FALL MEETING, 1836.—The Races over this Course will take place on Monday, Oct. 24 it being the 4th Monday, and continue six days.

The first will commence with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, two mile heats, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit; to which there are three subscribers, and closed, to wit:

1. Col. John Heath names b. f. Miss Carmichael, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred.
2. Jas. S. Garrison names c f Virginia Fairfield, by Timoleon, dam by Virginian.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr old colts and fillies, one mile out, $50 entrance, $25 forfeit; to carry a feather; name and close the Jockey Club day, at the Central Races.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY.

First Race, a Silver Plate, valued at $300, two mile heats, the entrance money depending on the number of entries; the winner to take plate or money.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 yrs old, that never won a Race, one mile heats, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; five entries and closed:

1. Col. Jas. M. Selden names b f Miss Phillips, by Sussex, dam Brunett.
2. Col. John Heath names b c Archer, by Sir Charles, dam by Lady Bollingbrook.
3. Gen. Thos. Emory names g f by John Richards, dam called Fanny Wright.
4. Also c c James C. Tilghman, by John Richards, dam by Tuckyhoe.
5. Jas. B. Kendall names c f Mary Granvill, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke.

THIRD DAY—WEDNESDAY.

Jockey Club Purse of $400, three mile heats, entrance $20.

FOURTH DAY—THURSDAY.

Jockey Club Purse of $700, four mile heats, entrance $30.

FIFTH DAY—FRIDAY.

First Race, a Purse of $200, free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia, two mile heats, entrance $15.

Second Race, same day.—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, bred or owned in Maryland or District of Columbia, two mile heats, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; 4 subscribers and closed, viz:

1. Y. N. Oliver has not named.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. names g c Frederick, by Byron, dam Alicroker.
3. James S. Garrison names c c Charles Majie, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Majie.
4. James B. Kendall names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.

SIXTH DAY—SATURDAY.

A Trotting Race, a match for $500, two mile heats, in harness, between Mr. James Dull's b g Jack Downing, and Mr. Harry Richards' ch g Defiance.

Second Race, same day.—A Purse of $100 to be run for, one mile; the best three in five; free for all; entrance $10.

☞ The above Purses will be *paid in cash, without discount*. The Course has been improved since the last meeting, and is now in excellent order, as is also the Training Track. Ample provision has been made for the accommodation of horses visiting the course. Good Stables to accommodate sixty horses, free of charge, are in readiness. Feed of every description will be provided to accommodate those that may want. In presenting the above Bill of Fare, the Proprietor hopes it will give general satisfaction to the liberal Sportsman.

Baltimore, September, 1836 [s 24] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

NEW YORK RACES, SECOND FALL MEETING, 1836.

FOR the Second Meeting, Fall, 1836, the following Sweepstakes have been made:—
Sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. B. B. Seaman names Dusty-foot, by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
2. R F. Stockton " his colt Bergen.
3. Also " his colt Cumberland.
4. J. H. Vanmater " ch. c. African, by Valentine, dam by Marshal Bertrand.

Sweepstakes (for colts and fillies that never won a race—if five start, the second in the race to receive back stakes,) two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. L. Stevens names s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
2. Robt. Tillotson " ch. c. Coronet, by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
3. I. S. Snedecor " Wilson's filly, by Henry, out of Di Vernon (Cadmus' dam).
4. J. Bathgate " c. by Henry, dam Sheley, a Bussorah mare.
5. Alex. L. Botts " ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Purity, (by Archy, out of Trifle's grandam.)
6. John C. Stevens " s. c. Sirocco, by Henry, out of Lady Jackson.
7. Also " ch. f. Fanti, by Henry, out of Janette.
8. Thos. Pearsall " c. by Talma, out of Dove.
9. Wm. Jones " ch. f. Fleet-foot, by Barefoot, out of Eleanor.
10. Jos. H. Vanmater " bl. f. Bonny Black, by Valentine, dam by Ratler.
11. Jas. S. Garrison " b. c. Stockton, by Eclipse, out of Iris, by Archy.

New York, Sept. 10, 1836. ALEXANDER L. BOTTS. DAVID H. BRANCH.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

OVER THE WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C. Fall meeting, 1836, will commence on the second Tuesday (11th) in October next, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY.

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200, forfeit $50; 2 mile heats; 5 subs, and closed.

1. Thomas Emory names b c by Sussex, dam Corinna, by Ogle's Oscar.
2. Y. N. Oliver names b f Hortensie, by Sussex.
3. James B. Kendall names b c by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
4. Francis Thompson names g c Isaac of York, by Sir Charles.
5. Wm. Grove names b f by Restless, dam by Sir Archy.

Second Race—Same day.—The Washington Plate, value $500; 2 mile heats; the winner to take the Plate or money at his option; sub. depending on the number of subscribers.

SECOND DAY.

A Poststake for 3 year old colts and fillies; 2 mile heats; sub. $500, forfeit $250; four or more to make a race. To close the 5th of October.

Second Race—Same day.—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; 2 mile heats; confined to the District of Columbia and Maryland; sub. $100, forfeit $50; five subscribers, and closed.

1. George L. Stockett names b f Mary Seldon, by Sussex, dam the dam of Harriet Maynard
2. M. D. Bowie names Charles Magic.
3. Philip Wallis names g f Molinera, by Medley, dam Algerena.
4. James M. Selden names f Miss Philips, by Sussex, out of Brunette.
5. T. R. S. Boyce names c by Sussex, out of Jessie, by Telegraph.

THIRD DAY.

Proprietors' Purse, $500; 3 mile heats; entrance $20.

Same day.—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; sub. $100, forfeit $50; three or more to make a race. To name and close the evening of first day's race.

FOURTH DAY.

National Jockey Club Purse, One Thousand Dollars; four mile heats; entrance $30.

For the above Purses and Sweepstakes an unusual number of horses will be here, affording better racing than at any previous meeting. The course will be in good order. Stables and litter gratis.

Washington, D. C. Sept. 12. Y. N. OLIVER, JAMES S. GARRISON, } Proprietors.

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB RACES!
Over the Central Course, Baltimore, Md.

FALL MEETING, 1836, will commence as usual on the 3d Tuesday in October, (the 18th of the month), and continue four days.

FIRST DAY.—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, two mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250; four subscribers, and closed, viz.:

1. John Heth names full sister to Trifle.
2. J. M. Selden names ch c by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
3. R. F. Stockton names b c by Star, (formerly Richard of York.)
4. General Thomas Emory names ch f Lady Clifden, by Sussex.

SECOND DAY.—For the Craig Plate, value $500, two mile heats; the winner to take the plate or $500 at his option; entrance money depending on the number of subscribers; entries to be made the evening previous.

THIRD DAY.—Proprietor's Purse, $500, three mile heats; entrance $20.

FOURTH DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, four mile heats, entrance $50.

Same day, a Produce Stakes for three year old colts and fillies, two mile heats; entrance $500, half forfeit; 21 subscribers and closed, viz.:

1. William Coleman, produce of Maria and Sir Charles, half brother to Charles Kemble.
3. O. Jacobs, produce of Sally Smith and Medley.
3. Wm. Wynn, produce of Isabella and Sir Charles.
4. John C. Craig, produce of Coquette and Medley.
5. Thomas. B. Coleman, produce of Mary Robinson and Medley.
6. William H. Minge, produce of Eliza Adams and Timoleon.
7. John C. Stevens, produce of Janet and Henry.
8. Ham. Wilkes, produce of Henry and Betsy Richards.
9. Robert L. Stevens, produce of Meg Dods and Henry.
10. William R. Johnson, produce of Polly Hopkins and Sir Charles.
11. Henry A. Tayloe, produce of Lucy Gwynn and Timoleon.
12. R F. Stockton, produce of Charlotte Pace and Medley.
13. C. S. W. Dorsey, produce of Tuckahoe mare and Sussex.
14. James J. Harrison, produce of Maid of Lodi and Eclipse.
15. R. Gilmor, Jr., produce of Sally Walker and Sir Charles.
16. William H Tayloe, prodnce of Miss Chance and Star.
17. J. S. Garrison, produce of Atalanta and Gohanna.
18. J. S. Garrison, produce of Eliza White and Eclipse.
19. D. H. Branch, produce of Herr Cline's dam and Sir Charles.
20. John M. Botts, produce of Mischief and Gohanna.
21. Bolling E. Graves, produce of Hephestion mare and Sir Charles.

o1-2t. JAMES M. SELDEN, Proprietor.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.